

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

---

JUNE 1902.

---

*THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BYE.<sup>1</sup>*

ALASDAIR MURRAY, BIDDULPHSBERG, MAY 29, 1900.

When Lieutenant Murray fell the only words he spoke were 'Forward, Grenadiers !  
Press Telegram.

HERE they halted, here once more  
Hand from hand was rent ;  
Here his voice above the roar  
Rang, and on they went.  
Yonder out of sight they crossed,  
Yonder died the cheers ;  
One word lives where all is lost—  
'Forward ! Grenadiers !'

This alone he asked of fame,  
This alone of pride ;  
Still with this he faced the flame,  
Answered Death, and died.  
Crest of battle sunward tossed,  
Song of the marching years,  
This shall live though all be lost—  
'Forward ! Grenadiers !'

HENRY NEWBOLT.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1902, by Henry Newbolt in the United States of America.

*THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY.<sup>1</sup>*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

## CHAPTER XII.

## HOT HEADS AND COOL.

THERE being in London (as Trix had once observed) many cities, if they persecute you in one you can flee unto another, with the reasonable certainty of finding an equally good dinner, company perhaps on the whole not less entertaining, and a welcome warmer for the novelty of seeing you. With these consolations a philosophic fugitive should be content.

But Beaufort Chance had not learnt this lesson, and did not take to the study of it cheerfully. He was indeed not cut by his old friends—things had not been quite definite enough for that—but he was gradually left out of a good many affairs to which he had been accustomed to be a party, and he was conscious that, where he was still bidden, it was from good-nature or the dislike of making a fuss, not from any great desire for his company. He was indifferently comforted by the proffered embraces of that other city which may be said to have had its centre in Mrs. Fricker's spacious mansion. The Frickers had an insight into his feelings, and the women at least made every effort to win his regard as well as to secure his presence. Fricker let matters go their own way; he was a man wise in observing the trend of events. He found it enough to put Chance into one or two business ventures, against which there was nothing much to be said; he did not want to damage Chance's reputation any more, since his value would be diminished thereby.

The man knew that he had sunk and was sinking still. The riches for which he had risked and lost so much might still be his, probably more easily than at any previous time. Nothing else was before him, if once he allowed himself to become an associate of Fricker's in business, a friend of the family at Fricker's house. Such a position as that would stamp him. It was consistent with many good things; it might not prevent some

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1902, by Anthony Hope Hawkins in the United States of America.

influence and a good deal of power, or plenty of deference of a certain sort from certain people. But it defined his class. Men of the world would know how to place him, and women would not be behind them in perception. He saw all this, but he did not escape. Perhaps there was nowhere to escape to. There was another reason. He had encountered a very vigorous will, and that will was determined that he should stay. His name was a little blown upon, no doubt, but it was a good name; he was M.P. still; he might one day inherit a peerage—not of the ultra-grand Barmouth order, of course, but a peerage all the same. The will was associated with a clear and measured judgment, and in obedience to the judgment the will meant to hold fast to Beaufort Chance.

He himself realised this side of the matter less clearly than he saw the rest. He knew that the business association and the dinners bound him more and more tightly; he had not understood yet that his flirtation with Connie Fricker was likely to commit him in an even more irrevocable and wholesale way. In this Miss Connie was clever; she let an air of irresponsibility soften his attentions into a mere pastime, though she was careful to let nothing more palpable confirm the impression. She made no haste to enlist her mother's aid or to invoke a father primed with decisive questions. She had attractions for Beaufort Chance, a man over whom obvious attractions exercised their full force. She let them have their way. She liked him, and she liked being flirted with. The cool head was quite unseen, far in the background; but it was preparing a very strong position whenever its owner liked to fall back there.

Beaufort Chance, misled by the air of irresponsibility, kissed and laughed, as many men do under such circumstances; Connie was not critical of the quality of kisses, and the laughter was to go on just so long as she pleased. It was among the visions which inspire rather than dissipate the energy of strong natures, when Connie Fricker saw herself, now become Beaufort's wife and perhaps my lady, throwing a supercilious bow to Mrs. Trevalla as that lady trudged down Regent Street, seeking bargains in the shops and laden with brown-paper parcels containing the same. Such a turn of fortune as would realise this piquant picture was still possible, notwithstanding Trix's present triumph.

There were dangers. If Mrs. Fricker, with that strict sense of propriety of hers and her theory of its necessity for social pro-

gress, came round a corner at the wrong moment, there would be a bad half-hour, and (worse still) the necessity for a premature divulging of plans. Those plans Mrs. Fricker would manage to bungle and spoil; this was, at least, her daughter's unwavering conviction. So Connie was cautious, and urged Beaufort to caution. She smiled to see how readily he owned the advisability of extreme caution. He did not want to be caught, any more than she. She knew the reason of his wish as well as of her own. She played her hand well and is entitled to applause—subject to the accepted reservations.

Meanwhile *delenda erat* Trix. That was well understood in the family, and again between the family and Beaufort Chance. The ladies hinted at it; Fricker's quiet smile was an endorsement; every echo of Trix's grandeur and triumph—far more, any distant glimpse obtained of them in actual progress—strengthened the resolution, and enhanced the pleasure of the prospect. Censure without sympathy is seldom right. At last Trix had, under irresistible pressure, obeyed Mervyn to the full. She saw no more of the Frickers; she wrote only on business to Mr. Fricker. The Fricker attitude cannot be called surprising; the epithet is more appropriate to Trix Trevalla's, even though it be remembered that she regarded it as only temporary—just till she was well out of Glowing Stars. She pleaded that her engagement kept her so busy. Other people could be busy too.

Lady Blixworth's doors were still open to Beaufort Chance, and there, one evening, he saw Trix in her splendour. Mervyn was in attendance on her; the Barmouths were not far off, and were receiving congratulations most amiably. In these days Trix's beauty had an animation and expressed an excitement that gave her an added brilliance, though they might not speak of perfect happiness. Lady Blixworth was enjoying a respite from duty, and had sunk into a chair; Beaufort stood by her. He could not keep his eyes from Trix.

'Now I wonder,' said Lady Blixworth with her gentle deliberation, 'what you're thinking about, Beaufort! Am I very penetrating, or very ignorant, or just merely commonplace, in guessing that Trix Trevalla would do well to avoid you if you had a pistol in your hand?'

'You aren't penetrating,' said he. She had stood by him, so he endured her impertinence, but he endured it badly.

'You don't want to kill her?' she smiled. 'That would be



too gentle? Oh, I'm only joking, of course.' This excuse was a frequent accompaniment of her most pointed suggestions.

'She'll have a pretty dull time with Mervyn,' he said with a laugh.

'I suppose that idea always does console the other men? In this case quite properly, I agree. She will, Beaufort, you may depend on that.' Her thoughts had gone back to that Sunday at Barslett.

Glentorly came up the stairs. She greeted him without rising; his bow to Beaufort Chance was almost invisible; he went straight across to Trix and Mervyn. Lady Blixworth cast an amused glance at her companion's lowering face.

'Why don't you go and congratulate her?' she asked. 'I don't believe you ever have.'

'I suppose I ought to,' he said, meeting her malicious look with a deliberate smile.

A glint of aroused interest came into her eyes. Would he have the courage?

'Well, you can hardly interrupt her while she's with Mortimer and George Glentorly.'

'Can't I?' he asked with a laugh. 'Sit here and you shall see.'

'I'd no idea it could be amusing in my own house,' smiled Lady Blixworth. 'Well, I'm sitting here!'

What he saw had roused Beaufort's fury again. Everything helped to that—the sight of Trix, Mervyn's airs of ownership and lofty appropriation of her, the pompous smiles of the Barmouths, most of all, perhaps, that small matter of Lord Glentorly's invisible bow. And he himself was there on the good-natured but contemptuous sufferance of his old friend and malicious mocker, Lady Blixworth. But he had a whip; he was minded at least to crack it over Trix Trevalla.

She was standing by the two men, but they had entered into conversation with one another, and for the moment she was idle. Her eyes, travelling round the room, fell on Beaufort Chance. She flushed, gave him a hurried bow, and glanced in rapid apprehension at Mervyn. He and Glentorly were busy agreeing that they were, jointly and severally, quite entitled to be relied on by the country, and Mervyn saw nothing. Trix's bow gave Beaufort Chance his excuse. Without more ado he walked straight and boldly across the room to her. Still the other two men did not see him. Trix edged a pace away from them and waited his coming;

she was in as sore fear as when he had snatched her letter from her in her drawing-room. Her breath came fast; she held her head high.

'You must let an old friend congratulate you, Mrs. Trevalla,' said Beaufort. He spoke low and smiled complacently as he held out his hand.

Trix hated to take it; she took it very graciously, with murmured thanks. She shot an appealing glance past him towards where her hostess sat. Lady Blixworth smiled back, but did not move an inch.

'Though your old friends have seen very little of you lately.'

'People in my position must have allowances made for them, Mr. Chance.'

'Oh, yes, I wasn't complaining, only regretting. Seen anything of our friends the Frickers lately?'

The question was a danger-signal to Trix. He was prepared to pose as the Frickers' friend if only he could tar her with the same brush; that boded mischief.

Fricker's name caught Lord Glentorly's ear; he glanced round. Mervyn still noticed nothing.

'I haven't seen them for a long while,' answered Trix in steady tones, her eyes defying him.

He waited a moment, then he went on, raising his voice a little.

'You must have heard from Fricker anyhow, if not from the ladies? He told me he'd written to you.'

Mervyn turned round sharply. Emerging from the enumeration of the strong points of his Chief and himself, he had been conscious that a man was talking to Trix and saying that some other man had written to her. He looked questioningly at Glentorly; that statesman seemed somewhat at a loss.

'Yes,' Chance went on, 'Fricker said he'd been in correspondence with you about that little venture you're in together. I hope it'll turn up trumps, though it's a bit of a risk in my opinion. But it's too bad to remind you of business here.'

Mervyn stepped forward suddenly.

'If you've any business with Mrs. Trevalla, perhaps she'll avail herself of my help,' he said; 'although hardly at the present moment or here.'

Beaufort Chance laughed. 'Dear me, no,' he answered. 'We've no business, have we, Mrs. Trevalla? I was only joking

about a little flutter Mrs. Trevalla has on under the auspices of our common friend—Fricker, you know.’

‘I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Fricker,’ said Mervyn coldly.

‘He’s at a disadvantage compared with us, isn’t he, Mrs. Trevalla?’

Mervyn turned from him in a distaste that he took no pains to conceal, and fixed his eyes on Trix’s face. Was it possible—really possible—that she could be charged with having ‘a flutter’ under the auspices of Fricker, and stand dumb under the accusation?

Trix laughed nervously and at last managed to speak.

‘That’s all very ancient history, Mr. Chance. You should have your gossip more up to date.’

‘Then you’ve sold your Glowing Stars?’ he retorted quickly. He desired the pleasure of making her lie and of knowing the degradation that she felt.

There was just an instant’s pause. Then Lord Glentorly struck in.

‘I don’t know whether all this is your business,’ he said to Beaufort, ‘but I do know it isn’t mine. If Mrs. Trevalla allows, we’ll drop the subject.’

‘It’s very dull anyhow,’ stammered Trix.

‘I touched on it quite accidentally,’ smiled Beaufort. ‘Well, all good wishes again, Mrs. Trevalla.’

With a bow of insolent familiarity he turned on his heel and began to walk back towards Lady Blixworth. After a moment’s hesitation Mervyn followed him. Trix darted to Glentorly.

‘Take me somewhere,’ she whispered. ‘Take me away somewhere for a minute.’

‘Away from that fellow, yes,’ he agreed with a disgusted air.

Trix seemed to hear him imperfectly. ‘Yes, yes, away from Mortimer,’ she whispered.

The swiftest glance betrayed Glentorly’s surprise as he obeyed her; she put her arm in his and he led her into the next room, where a sideboard with refreshments stood.

‘What does the fellow mean?’ he asked scornfully.

‘It’s nothing. Give me a little champagne,’ said Trix.

Beaufort Chance lounged up to Lady Blixworth.

‘Well, you saw me making myself pleasant?’ His manner was full of a rude coarse exultation.

Lady Blixworth put up her long-handled *pince-nez* and regarded him through it.

'She hasn't quite cut me, you see,' he went on.

'I beg your pardon, Chance, may I have a word with you?' Mervyn came up and joined them.

Lady Blixworth leant back and looked at the pair. She had never thought Mervyn a genius, and she was very tolerant; but she had at that moment the fullest possible realisation of the difference between the two: it was between barbarism and civilisation. Both might be stupid, both might on occasion be cruel. But there was the profound difference of method.

'A word with me, Mervyn? Of course.'

'By ourselves, I mean.' His stiffness vigorously refused the approaches of Beaufort's familiarity.

'Oh, all right, by ourselves,' agreed Beaufort with a contemptuous laugh.

Lady Blixworth decided not to indulge her humour any longer; she was distrustful of what might happen.

'You can have your talk any time,' she said, rising. She spoke carelessly, but she knew how to assert her right to social command in her own house. 'Just now I want Mortimer to take me to have something cool. Good-night, Beaufort.' She gave him her hand. He took it, not seeing what else to do. Mervyn had fallen back a step as his bow acknowledged the hostess's command.

'Good-night, Beaufort,' said Lady Blixworth, smiling again.

She left him there, and walked off with Mervyn.

'If you must talk to him, wait,' she advised, laughing. 'Or write to him—that's better. Or let it alone—that's best of all. But at any rate I don't want what the papers call a *fracas*, and I call a shindy, in my house. With your people here too!' The Barmouths' presence would make a shindy seem like sacrilege.

'You're quite right,' he said gravely.

She glanced at him in pity and in ridicule. 'Heavens, how you take things, Mortimer!' she murmured. 'You might have seen that he only wanted to be nasty.'

'He shall have no more opportunities of obtruding himself on Trix.'

'Poor Trix!' sighed Lady Blixworth. It was not quite clear what especial feature of Trix's position she was commiserating.

'I shall speak plainly to him.'

'That's just why I wouldn't let it occur in my house.'

‘Why do you have him here?’

‘I believe that in the end it’s through a consciousness of my own imperfections.’ She felt for and with her companion, but she could not help chaffing him again. ‘He’s had rather hard lines too, you know.’

‘He’s not had half what he’s deserved. I want to see Trix.’

‘Oh, put that off too!’ She had sighted Trix and Glentorly, and a dexterous pressure of her arm headed him in the opposite direction. ‘You must feed me first, anyhow,’ she insisted.

Understanding that he had been in effect dismissed from the house, knowing at least that with his hostess’s countenance withdrawn from him he would find little comfort there, Beaufort Chance took his departure. His mood was savage: he had gratified revenge at the cost of lowering himself farther; if he had done his best to ruin Trix, he had done something more for himself in the same direction. Yet he had enjoyed the doing of it. A savage triumph struggled with the soreness in him. He had come back to Lady Blixworth to boast to her; Mervyn had spoilt that scheme. He felt the need of recounting his exploit to somebody who would see the glory of it. Connie Fricker had told him that they were going to the opera, and that she supposed there would be some supper afterwards, if he liked to drop in. Almost unconsciously his steps turned towards the house.

Luck favoured him, or so he thought. Fricker and his wife had been dropped at a party on the way home; Connie had no card for it, and was now waiting for them alone—or, rather, was using her time in consuming chicken and champagne. He joined in her meal, and did full justice to one ingredient of it at least. With his glass in his hand he leant back in his chair and began to tell her how he had served Trix Trevalla. Whatever the reality might have been, there was no doubt who came out triumphant in the narrative.

Connie had finished her chicken. She leant her plump bare arms on the table and fixed applauding eyes on him.

‘Splendid!’ she said with a glint of teeth. ‘I should love to have seen that.’

‘I gave her a bit more than she reckoned on,’ he said, lighting his cigar and then tossing off the last of his glass of wine. ‘I gave it her straight.’ He looked across at Connie. ‘That’s the only way with women,’ he told her.

Miss Connie mingled admiration and a playful defiance in her

smile. 'You ought to have married her, then you'd have had your chance,' she suggested.

'Precious glad I didn't!' said Beaufort. 'Good for her, but poor fun for me, Connie.'

Connie got up and came round the table. 'You're spilling all your ash on the tablecloth.' She gave him an ash-tray from the mantelpiece. 'Use that, silly,' said she, patting his shoulder, and she went on, 'Any woman could manage you all right, you know. Oh, I don't mean a goose like Trix Trevalla, but——'

'A clever girl like yourself, eh?'

'Well, that's the last thing I was thinking about. Still, as far as that goes, I expect I could.'

He slewed his chair half-round and looked up at her. Her rollicking defiance, with its skilful hint of contempt, worked on his mood. He forgot his daylight reluctance to commit himself.

'We'd see about that, Miss Connie,' he said.

'Oh, I shouldn't be afraid!' she laughed. She spoke the truth; she was not the least afraid of Beaufort Chance, though she was more than a little afraid of Mrs. Fricker. She was at the same time fully aware that Chance would like to think that she was in her heart rather afraid; she gauged him nicely, and the bravado of her declaration was allowed to be hinted at by a fall and a turning-away of her eyes. With a confident laugh he slipped his arm round her waist; she drew away; he held her strongly.

'Be quiet,' he said imperiously.

She stood still, apparently embarrassed but yet obedient.

'Why did you try to get away?' he asked almost threateningly.

'Well, I'm quiet enough now,' she pleaded with a low laugh.

His self-complacency was restored; the buffets of the evening were forgotten. He remembered how he had served Trix Trevalla; he forgot what that pleasure had entailed on himself. Now he was showing this girl that she was no match for him. He held her in his grasp while he smoked.

'This is rather dull for me,' suggested Connie after a while. 'I hope you like it, Mr. Chance?'

'It'll last just as long as I do like it,' he told her.

A bell sounded; they heard the hall door opened and voices in the hall.

'Listen! Let me go! No, you must. It's papa and mamma.'

'Never mind. Stay where you are.'

'What do you mean? Nonsense! I must——' In genuine alarm Connie wrenched herself away, ran to the door, listened, gave Beaufort a wise nod, and sat down opposite to him. He laughed at her across the table.

After a pause a footman came in.

'I was to tell you that Mrs. Fricker has gone straight upstairs, miss. She'd like to see you for a minute in her room when you go up, miss.'

'All right. Say I'll be there in five minutes. Where's papa?'

'Mr. Fricker's gone into the study, miss.'

'We're in luck,' said Beaufort, when the door was closed.

'I must go in a minute or two. I expect mamma doesn't like me being here with you. It's not my fault. I didn't know you were coming. I didn't let you in.'

'Of course it's not your fault. We'll tell mamma so.'

'I think you'd better go,' suggested Connie; he treated Mrs. Fricker with too much flippancy.

'Yes, I will. I'll join your father and have a whisky-and-soda. But say good-night first, Connie.'

'Oh, well, be quick then,' said Connie.

Now, as it happened through an oversight, there was no whisky-and-soda in the study. Mr. Fricker discovered this disconcerting circumstance when he had got into his smoking-jacket and slippers. He swore gently and came upstairs, his slippers passing noiselessly over the rich carpets of his staircase and passages. He opened the door of the room and came in. To his amazement his daughter whirled quickly across his path, almost cannoning into him; and there, whence she came, Beaufort Chance stood, looking foolish and awkward. Connie was flushed and her hair untidy.

'Good evening, Beaufort. I was looking for whisky-and-soda Connie dear.'

A few more remarks were interchanged, but the talk came chiefly from Beaufort, and consisted of explanations why he had not gone before, and how he was just going now. Then he did go, shaking hands with them both, not looking either of them in the face.

'You can find your own way down?' Fricker suggested, as he picked a chicken's leg. 'Give me a little more soda, Connie.'

She obeyed him, and, when they were alone, came and stood

on the opposite side of the table. Fricker ate and drank in undisturbed composure. At last he observed:—

‘I thought your mother wanted you. Hadn’t you better go up to her, Connie?’ He glanced round at the clock and smiled at his daughter in his thoughtful way.

‘Of course you can tell her; but you’ll spoil it all, if you do,’ Connie burst out. She seemed ready to cry, being sadly put out by her father’s premature discovery, and undisguisedly alarmed as to what view might be taken of the matter.

‘Spoil it all?’ repeated Fricker meditatively. ‘All what? Your fun, my dear?’

Connie had no alternative but to play her trumps.

‘It’s more than fun,’ she said. ‘Unless I’m interfered with,’ she added resentfully.

‘Your mother’s ideas are so strict,’ smiled Fricker, wiping his mouth and laying aside his napkin. ‘If she’d come in when I did—eh, Connie?’ He shook his head and delicately picked his teeth.

‘It’s all right if—if you let me alone.’ She came round to him. ‘I can take care of myself, and——’ She sat on the arm of his chair. ‘It wouldn’t be so bad, would it?’ she asked.

‘Hum. No, perhaps it wouldn’t,’ admitted Fricker. ‘Do you like him, Connie?’

‘We should manage very well, I think,’ she laughed, feeling easier in her mind. ‘But if you tell mamma now——’

‘We upset the apple-cart, do we, Connie?’ He fell into thought. ‘Might do worse, and perhaps shouldn’t do much better, eh?’

‘I daresay not. And’—an unusual timidity for the moment invaded Miss Connie’s bearing—‘and I do rather like him, papa.’

Fricker had the family affections, and to him his daughter seemed well-nigh all that a daughter could be expected to be. She had her faults, of course—a thing not calculated to surprise Fricker—but she was bright, lively, pretty, clever, dutiful, and very well behaved. So long as she was also reasonable, he would stretch a point to please her; he would at least make every consideration on her side of the case weigh as heavily as possible. He thought again, reviewing Beaufort Chance in the new light.

‘Well, run it for yourself,’ he said at last.

Connie bent down and kissed him. She was blushing and she looked happy.



'Now run off upstairs.'

'You won't tell mamma?'

'Not if you can go on managing it all right.'

Connie kissed him again. Then she, in her turn, looked at the clock.

'May I say that Mr. Chance has been gone ever so long, and that you made me stay with you?'

'Yes,' said Fricker, rather amused.

'Good-night, you darling,' cried Connie, and danced out of the room.

'Rum creatures!' ejaculated Fricker. 'She's got a head on her shoulders, though.'

On the whole he was well pleased. But he had the discernment to wonder how Beaufort Chance would feel about the matter the next morning. He chuckled at this idea at first, but presently his peculiar smile regained its sway—the same smile that he wore when he considered the case of Trix Trevala and Glowing Stars.

'What Beaufort thinks of it,' he concluded as he went up to bed, 'won't be quite the question.'

He found Mrs. Fricker not at all displeased with Connie.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### JUSTIFICATION NUMBER FOUR.

TRIX TREVALLA was at Barslett. To say that she was in prison there would be perhaps a strong expression. To call her sojourn quarantine is certainly a weak one; we are not preached at in quarantine. Mervyn came down twice a week; the Barmouths themselves and Mrs. Bonfill completed the party. No guests were invited. Trix was to stay a month. A tenant had offered for the flat—it was let for the month. Trix was to stay at Barslett with the Barmouths and Mrs. Bonfill—a Mrs. Bonfill no longer indulgent or blinded by partiality—hopeful still, indeed, but with open eyes, with a clear appreciation of dear Trix's failings, possessed by an earnest desire to co-operate with the Barmouths in eradicating the same.

No ordinary pressure had brought Trix to this. It dated from Beaufort Chance's attack; that had rendered her really defenceless. She remembered how she drove away with the Barmouths

and Mervyn, the ominous heavy silence, the accusing peck of a kiss that her future mother-in-law gave her when they parted. Next morning came the interview with Mervyn, the inevitable interview. She had to confess to prevarication and shuffling; nothing but his grave and distressed politeness saved her the word 'lie.' Her dealings with Fricker were wrung from her by a persistent questioning, a steady adherence to the point that neither tears nor wiles (she tried both) could affect. She had no strength left at the end. She wrote to Fricker to sell her Glowing Stars, to send the money to the bank, to close the transaction finally. She did not know where she would be left; she obeyed, and, broken in spirit, she consented to be deported to Barslett as soon as her letter was posted. Mrs. Bonfill was procured; the Barmouths made the sacrifice (the expression was Lady Barmouth's own); Mervyn arranged to run down. Never were more elaborate or imposing means taken to snatch a brand from the burning.

Yet only at Barslett did the real discipline begin; from morning prayers at nine to evening lemonade at ten-thirty, all day and every day, it seemed to last. They did not indeed all belabour her every day; the method was more scientific. If Lord Barmouth was affable, it meant a lecture after lunch from his wife; when Mrs. Bonfill relaxed in the daytime, it foreboded a serious affectionate talk with Mervyn in the evening. One heavy castigation a day was certain—that, and lots of time to think it over, and, as an aggravation, full knowledge of the occurrence manifest in the rest of the company. Who shall say that Beaufort Chance had not taken rich revenge?

Trix tried to fight sometimes, especially against Mrs. Bonfill. What business was it of Mrs. Bonfill's? The struggle was useless. Mrs. Bonfill established herself firmly *in loco parentis*. 'You have no mother, my dear,' she would reply with a sad shake of her head. The bereavement was small profit to poor Trix under the circumstances. Yet she held on with the old tenacity that had carried her through the lodging-houses, with the endurance which had kept her alive through her four years with Vesey Trevala. This state of things could not last. With her marriage might come a change. At any rate the subject of her sins must show exhaustion soon. Let her endure; let her do anything rather than forfeit the prospects she had won, rather than step down from the pedestal of grandeur on which she still sat before the world. What does the world know or reckon of thorns in

exalted cushions? The reflection, which ought to console only the world, seems to bring a curious comfort to the dignified sufferers on the cushions also.

Another hope bore her up. Beneath the Barmouth stateliness was a shrewdness that by no means made light of material things. When she was being severely lectured she had cried once or twice, 'Anyhow I shall make a lot of money!' Fresh reproofs had followed, but they had sounded less convinced. Trix felt that she would be a little better able to stand up for herself if she could produce thousands, made under the hated auspices of Fricker; she would at least be able to retire from her nefarious pursuits without being told that she was a fool as well as all the rest of it. She waited still on Fricker.

'I shall never do it again, of course,' she said to Mrs. Bonfill, 'but if it all goes well I do think that no more need be said about it.'

Mrs. Bonfill made concessions to this point of view.

'Let us hope it will be so, my dear. I think myself that your faults have been mainly of taste.'

'At any rate I'm not silly,' she protested to Mervyn. 'You mayn't like the man, but he knows his business.'

'I certainly hope you won't have to add pecuniary loss to the other disagreeable features of the affair,' said Mervyn; and a few minutes later, apparently as an afterthought, he asked her carelessly how much she would make on the best hypothesis. Trix named a moderate figure but a substantial one.

'And I suppose the rogue'll make twice as much himself!' There was reluctant envy in Mervyn's tone. It gave Trix courage. Could she brandish winnings in their faces, she felt sure that the lecturers would be less severe and she less helpless before them.

Meanwhile, with the impulse to make a friend among her gaolers, with her woman's instinct for the likeliest, she was all dutifulness and affection towards Barmouth. She made way with him. The success helped her a little, but less than it would have because of his reverence for his son.

'How such an affectionate well-mannered young woman could be led so far astray is inexplicable to me—inexplicable,' he observed to Mrs. Bonfill.

Mrs. Bonfill endorsed his bewilderment with a helpless wave of her hand.

'There is good in her,' he announced. 'She will respond to Mortimer's influence.' And the good gentleman began to make things a little easier for Trix within the narrow sphere of his ability. Nobody, of course, had ever told him that the sphere was narrow, and he had not discovered it; his small semi-surreptitious indulgences were bestowed with a princely flourish.

Lady Barmouth was inexorable; she was Mervyn's outraged mother. She had, moreover, the acuteness to discern one of the ideas that lay in Trix's mind and stiffened it to endurance.

'Now is the time to mould her,' she said to Mrs. Bonfill. 'It would not perhaps be so easy presently.'

Mrs. Bonfill knew what 'presently' meant, and thought that her friend was probably right.

'But once we imbue her with our feeling about things, she will keep it. At present she is receptive.'

'I think she is,' agreed Mrs. Bonfill, who had just an occasional pang of pity for Trix's extreme receptivity and the ample advantage taken of it.

Trix had received a brief note from Fricker, saying that he was doing his best to carry out her instructions, and hoped to be able to arrange matters satisfactorily, although he must obviously be hampered in some degree by the peremptory nature of her request. Trix hardly saw why this was obvious, but, if obvious, at any rate it was also quite inevitable. She certainly did not realise what an excellent excuse she had equipped Mr. Fricker with if he sold her shares at a loss. But apparently he had not sold them, at least no news came to that effect; hope that he was waiting to effect a great *coup* still shot in one encouraging streak across the deadly weariness of being imbued with the Barmouth feeling about things. Not once a day, but once every hour at least, did she recall that unregenerate impulse of Lady Blixworth's, confessed to at this very Barslett, and accord it her heartiest sympathy.

'But I will stick to it,' she said to herself grimly. Her pluck was in arms; her time would come; for the present all hung on Fricker.

It was a beautiful July evening when his letter came. Trix had just escaped from a long talk with Mervyn. He had been rather more affectionate, rather less didactic than usual; something analogous to what the law calls a Statute of Limitations seemed gradually to be coming into his mind as within the sphere

of practical domestic politics; not an amnesty, that was going too far, but the possibility of saying no more about it some day. Trix was hopeful as she wandered into the garden, and, sitting down by the fountain, let the gentle breeze blow on her face. It comforted her still to look at the *façade* and the gardens; she got from the contemplation of them much the same quality of pleasure as Airey Newton drew from the sight of his safe and his red-leather book.

A footman brought her two letters. One was from Peggy Ryle, a rigmarole of friendly gossip, ending with, 'We're all having a splendid time, and we all hope you are too. Everybody sent their love to you last night at supper.' With a wistful smile Trix laid this letter down. What different meanings that word 'splendid' may bear, to be sure!

The other letter—it was from Fricker! Fricker at last! A hasty glance round preceded the opening of it. It was rather long. She read and re-read, passing her hand across her brow; indeed she could hardly understand it, though Fricker was credited by his friends with an unrivalled power of conveying his meaning with precision and nicety. He had tried to obey her instructions. Unfortunately there had been no market. Perforce he had waited. He had been puzzled, had Fricker, and waited to make inquiries. Alas, the explanation had not been long in coming. First, the lode had suddenly narrowed. On the top of this calamity had come a fire in the mine, and much damage to the property. The directors had considered whether it would not be wise to suspend operations altogether, but had in the end resolved to go on. Mr. Fricker doubted their wisdom, but there it was. The decision entailed a call of five shillings per share—of course Mrs. Trevalla would remember that the shares were only five shillings paid. The directors hoped that further calls would not be necessary; here Fricker was sadly sceptical again. Meanwhile, there was no chance of selling; to be plain, Glowing Star shares would not just now be a welcome gift to anyone, let alone an eligible purchase. So, since sale was impossible, payment of the call was inevitable. Then came the end. 'Of course mines are not Consols, nobody knows that better than yourself. I regret the unlucky issue of this venture. I cannot help thinking that things would have gone better if we had been in closer touch, and I had enjoyed more ready access to you. But I was forced to doubt my welcome, and so was, perhaps, led into not

keeping you as thoroughly *au fait* with what was going on as I should have liked. I cannot blame myself for this, however much I regret it. I gather that you do not intend to undertake any further operations, or I would console yourself and myself by saying "Better luck next time!" As matters stand (I refer, of course, to your last letter to me), I can only again express my regret that Glowing Stars have been subject to such bad luck, and that I find myself, thanks to your own desire, not in a position to help you to recoup your losses.' A postscript added, 'For your convenience I may remind you that your present holding is four thousand shares.'

The last part of the letter was easier to understand than the first. It needed no re-reading. 'You've chosen to drop me. Shift for yourself, and pay your own shot.' That was what Mr. Fricker said when it was translated into the terse brevity of a vulgar directness. The man's cold relentlessness spoke in every word. Not only Beaufort Chance, not only the Barmouths and Mrs. Bonfill, not only Mortimer Mervyn, had lessons to teach and scourges wherewith to enforce them. Fricker had his lesson to give and his scourge to brandish too.

Again Trix Trevalla looked round, this time in sheer panic. She crumpled up Fricker's letter and thrust it into her pocket. She saw Peggy Ryle's in her lap—Peggy who was having a splendid time. Trix got up and fairly ran into the house, choking down her sobs.

Ten minutes later Mervyn strolled out, looking for her. He did not find her, but he came upon an envelope lying on the ground near the fountain—a long-shaped business envelope. It was addressed to Mrs. Trevalla, and at the back it bore an oval impressed stamp 'S. F. & Co.'

'Ah, she's heard from Fricker. That's the end of the whole thing, I hope!' He felt glad of that, so glad that he added in a gentle and pitying tone, 'Poor little Trix, we must keep her out of mischief in future!' He looked at his watch, pocketed the envelope (he was a very orderly man), paced up and down for a few minutes, and then went in to dress for dinner. As he dressed a pleasant little idea came into his head; he would puzzle Trix by his cleverness; he meditated what, coming from a less eminent young man, would have been called 'a score.'

At dinner Trix was bright and animated; Mervyn's manner was affectionate; the other three exchanged gratified glances—

Trix was becoming imbued with the Barmouth feeling about things, even (as it seemed) to the extent of sharing the Barmouth ideas as to a merry evening.

'You're brilliant to-night, Trix—brilliant,' Lord Barmouth assured her.

'Oh, she can be!' declared Mrs. Bonfill, with a return to the 'fond mother' style of early days.

Lady Barmouth looked slightly uneasy and changed the subject; after all, brilliancy was hardly Barmouthian.

When the servants had gone and the port came (Mervyn did not drink it, but his father did), Mervyn perceived his moment: the presence of the others was no hindrance; had not Trix's punishment been as public as her sin? If she were forgiven, the ceremony should certainly be in the face of the congregation.

'So you heard from Mr. Fricker to-day?' he said to Trix.

He did not mean to trap her, only, as explained, to raise a cry of admiration by telling how he came to know and producing the envelope. But in an instant Trix suspected a trap and was on the alert; she had the vigilance of the hunted; her brain worked at lightning speed. In a flash of salvation the picture of herself crumpling up the letter rose before her; the letter, yes, but the envelope? In the result Mervyn's 'score' succeeded to a marvel.

'Yes, but how did you know?' she cried, apparently in boundless innocent astonishment.

'Ah!' said he archly. 'Now how did I know?' He produced the envelope and held it up before her eyes. 'You'd never make a diplomatist, Trix!'

'I dropped it in the garden!'

'And as I was naturally looking for you, I found it.'

He was not disappointed of his sensation. The thing was simple indeed, but neat.

'I notice everything too—everything,' observed Lord Barmouth, with the air of explaining an occurrence otherwise very astonishing.

'It's quite true, Robert does,' Lady Barmouth assured Mrs. Bonfill.

'Wonderful!' ejaculated that lady with friendly heartiness.

Lord Barmouth cleared his throat. 'So far as possible from that quarter, good news, I hope?'

Trix had postponed making up her mind what to say; she



did not mean to mention Fricker's letter till the next morning, and hoped that she would see her way a little clearer then. She was denied the respite. They all waited for her answer.

'Oh, don't let's talk business at dinner! I'll tell you about it afterwards,' she said.

Mervyn interposed with a suave but peremptory request.

'My dear, it must be on our minds. Just tell us in a word.'

Her brain, still working at express speed, seeming indeed as though it could never again drop to humdrum pace, pictured the effect of the truth and the Barmouth way of looking at the truth. She had no hope but that the truth—well, most of the truth anyhow—must come some day; but she must tell it to Mervyn alone, at her own time; she would not and could not tell it to them all there and then.

'It's very good,' she said coolly. 'I don't understand quite how good, but quite good.'

'And the whole thing's finished?' asked Mrs. Bonfill.

'Absolutely finished,' assented Trix.

Lord Barmouth sighed and looked round the table; his air was magnanimous in the extreme.

'I think we must say, "All's well that ends well!"' Trix was next him; he patted her hand as it lay on the table.

That was going just a little too far.

'It ends well—and it ends!' amended Mervyn with affectionate authority. Lady Barmouth nodded approval to Mrs. Bonfill.

'Oh, yes, it ends,' said Trix Trevalla.

Her face felt burning hot; she wondered whether its colour tallied with the sensation. Despair was in her heart; she had lied again, and lied for no ultimate good. She rather startled Lady Barmouth by asking for a glass of port. Lord Barmouth, in high good-humour, poured it out gallantly, and then, with obvious tact, shifted the talk to a discussion of his son's public services, pointing out incidentally how the qualities that had rendered these possible had in his own case displayed themselves in a sphere more private, but not, as he hoped, less useful. Mervyn agreed that his father had been quite as useful as himself. Even Mrs. Bonfill stifled a yawn.

The end of dinner came. Trix escaped into the garden, leaving the ladies in the drawing-room, the men still at the table. Her brain was painting scenes with broad rapid strokes of the brush.



She saw herself telling Mervyn, she saw his face, his voice, his horrified amazement. Then came she herself waiting while he told the others. Next there was the facing of the family. What would they do? Would they turn her out? That would be a bitter short agony. Or would they not rather keep her in prison and school her again? She would come to them practically a pauper now. Besides all there had been against her before, she would now stand confessed a pauper and a fool. One, too, who had lied about the thing to the very end! In the dark of evening the great house loomed like a very prison. The fountains were silent, the birds at rest; a heavy stillness added to the dungeon-like effect. She walked quickly, furiously, along one path after another, throwing uneasy glances over her shoulder, listening for a footfall, as though she were in literal truth being tracked and hunted from her lair. The heart was out of her: at last her courage was broken. What early hardships, what Vesey Trevalla, what Beaufort Chance himself could not do, that Fricker and the Barmouths had done—Fricker's idea of what was necessary in business relations and the Barmouth way of feeling about things. There was no fight left in Trix Trevalla.

Unless it were for one desperate venture, the height of courage or of cowardice—which she knew not, and it signified nothing. She had ceased to think. She had little but a blind instinct urging her to hide herself.

'This is very fortunate, Mortimer,' observed Barmouth over his port. He did not take coffee; Mervyn did.

'The best possible thing under the circumstances. I don't think I need say much more to her.'

'I think not. She understands now how we feel. Perhaps we could hardly expect her to realise it until she had enjoyed the full opportunities her stay here has given her.' Who now should call him narrow-minded?

'I have very little fear for the future,' said Mervyn.

'You have every reason to hope. I wonder—er—how much she has made?' Mervyn frowned slightly. 'Well, well, it's better to win than lose,' Barmouth added, with a propitiatory smile.

'Of course. But——'

'You don't like the subject? Of course not! No more do I. Shall we join the ladies? A moment, Mortimer. Would you rather speak to her yourself? Or should your mother——?'

'Oh, no. There's really nothing. Leave it to me.'

Lady Barmouth and Mrs. Bonfill were drinking tea from ancestral china.

'Mortimer is quiet, but he's very firm,' Lady Barmouth was saying. 'I think we need fear no—no outbreaks in the future.'

'A firm hand will do no harm with Trix. But with proper management she'll be a credit to him.'

'I really think we can hope so, Sarah. Where is she, by the way?'

'She's gone to her room. I don't think she'll come down again to-night from what my maid said just now when I met her.' Mrs. Bonfill paused and added, 'She must have been under a strain, you know.'

'She should have been prepared for that. However Mortimer doesn't go to town till the afternoon to-morrow.' There would be plenty of time for morals to be pointed.

Mervyn seemed hardly surprised at not finding Trix. He agreed that the next day would serve, and took himself off to read papers and write letters; by doing the work to-night he would save a post. Lord Barmouth put on a woollen cap, wrapped a Shetland shawl round his shoulders, and said that he would go for a stroll. This form of words was well understood; it was no infrequent way of his to take a look round his domains in the evening; there were sometimes people out at night who ought to be indoors, and, on the other hand, the fireside now and then beguiled a night-watchman from his duties. Such little irregularities, so hard to avoid in large establishments, were kept in check by Lord Barmouth's evening strolls—'prowls' they were called in other quarters of the house than those occupied by the family itself. The clock struck ten as the worthy nobleman set forth on his mission of law, order, and, it may happily be added, personal enjoyment. He was armed with a spud and a bull's-eye lantern.

The night-watchman was asleep by the fire in the engine-room. Justification number one for the excursion. Her ladyship's own maid was talking to Lord Mervyn's own man in a part of the premises rigorously reserved for the men who lived over the stables. Justification, cumulative justification, number two. Lord Barmouth turned into the shrubbery, just to see whether the little gate leading on to the high road was locked, according to the strict orders given. It was not locked. Justification, triumphant and crowning justification, number three!

'It's scandalous—scandalous,' murmured Lord Barmouth in something very like gratification. Many people would miss their chief pleasure were their neighbours and dependants void of blame.

He turned back at a brisk pace; he had no key to the gate himself, the night-watchman had; the night-watchman did not seem to be in luck's way to-night. Lord Barmouth's step was quick and decisive, his smile sour; leaving that gate unlocked was a capital offence, and he was eager to deal punishment. But suddenly he came to a pause on the narrow path.

Justification number four! A woman came towards him, hurrying along with rapid frightened tread. She was making for the gate. The nefariousness of the scheme thus revealed infuriated Barmouth. He stepped aside behind a tree and waited till she came nearer. She wore a large hat and a thick veil; she turned her head back several times, as though to listen behind her. He flashed his lantern on her and saw a dark skirt with a light silk petticoat showing an inch or two below. He conceived the gravest suspicions of the woman—a thing that perhaps need not be considered unreasonable. He stepped out on the path, and walked towards her, hiding the light of the lantern again.

'Who are you, ma'am? What are you doing here? Where do you come from?' His peremptory questions came like pistol-shots.

She turned her head towards him, starting violently. But after that she stood still and silent.

'I am Lord Barmouth. I suppose you know me? What's your business here?'

She was silent still.

'Nonsense! You have no business here, and you know it. You must give me an account of yourself, ma'am, or I shall find a way to make you.'

She gave an account of herself; with trembling ungloved hands she raised her veil. He turned his lantern on her face and recoiled from her with a clumsy spring.

'You?' he gasped. 'You? Trix? Are you mad? Where are you going?'

Her face was pale and hard-lined; her eyes were bright, and looked scarcely sane in the concentrated glare of the lantern.

'Let me pass,' she said in a low shaken voice.

'Let you pass! Where to? Nonsense! You're——'

'Let me pass,' she commanded again.

'No,' he answered, barring her path with his broad squat form. Decision rang in his tones.

'You must,' she said simply. She put out her arms and thrust at him. He was heavy to move, but he was driven on one side; the nervous fury in her arms sent him staggering back; he dropped his lantern and saved himself with his spud.

'Trix!' he cried in helpless rage and astonishment.

'No, no, no!' she sobbed out as she darted past him, pulling her veil down again and making for the gate. She ran now, sobbing convulsively, and catching up her skirts high over her ankles. The manner of her running scandalised Lord Barmouth hardly less than the fact of it.

'Trix! Trix!' he shouted imperiously, and started in pursuit of her. She did not turn again, nor speak again. She rushed through the gate, slamming it behind her. It swung to in his face as he came up. Snatching it open, he held it with his hand; she was ten or fifteen yards down the road, running with a woman's short, shuffling, flat-footed stride, but making good headway all the same; still he heard her sobs, more convulsive now for shortness of breath.

'Good God!' said Lord Barmouth, helplessly staring after her.

Justifications one, two, and three were driven clean out of his head. Justification number four made matter enough for any brain to hold—and the night-watchman was in luck's way after all.

He stood there till he could neither hear nor see her; then, leaving the gate ajar, he wrapped his shawl closer round him, picked up his lantern, and walked slowly home. An alarm or a pursuit did not occur to him. He was face to face with something that he did not understand, but he understood enough to see that at this moment nothing could be done.

The great *façade* of the house was dark, save for two windows. Behind one Mervyn worked steadily at his papers. Behind the other lights flared in the room that had belonged to Trix—flared on the disorder of her dinner-gown flung aside, her bag half-packed and thus abandoned, Fricker's letter torn across and lying in the middle of the floor.

Barmouth must be pardoned his bewilderment. The whole affair was so singularly out of harmony with the Barmouth feelings and the Barmouth ways.

(To be continued.)

*THE PLETHORA OF POETS.*

I CAN never consider the subject of contemporary poetical production in England without a sense of bewilderment. It piques my curiosity more than it rouses my interest, and presents me with a whole series of problems which I am powerless to solve. On the one hand, I seem to see indications of an extraordinary absorption in verse composition, while there are, at the same time, facts which might point to absolute public indifference. 'This is not a poetical age,' it is said; and it is an opinion which one would be disposed to accept without much question. You do not see any particular proof that poetry is widely read. People seldom talk about the subject as they do about novels, the theatre, politics, or sport. One rarely hears verse quoted, at least by anybody under forty. I know two or three old gentlemen, and some elderly ladies, who adorn their conversation with scraps from Tennyson or Byron, from Keats or Wordsworth, or Pope. But the quotations fall irresponsive on the ears of their sons and daughters, their nephews and nieces, who regard these literary allusions and reminiscences as among the harmless foibles of age. If you except the professional literary class—and I am not even quite sure of them—modern educated Englishmen and Englishwomen seem extraordinarily ill-read in the poetry of their own tongue, compared with German or French people of a similar status. But then, was there ever an age when more verse was produced? I cannot answer the question, and perhaps nobody else can, for I suppose that statistics of the metrical output of various literary periods have not as yet been compiled. It may be that, when the comparative method has been as scientifically applied to literary history as it has been to economics, we shall get Tables of Verse Averages, giving us the curve of poetical fertility from decade to decade. We may discover that poetry, like matrimony, bears a close relation to the price of bread, and that the number of lyrics published varies inversely with the increase in the importation of grain. In the absence of these particulars I will only observe that the intelligent student must find it difficult to account for the mere quantity of poetry poured out to a presumably unpoetical generation. I said 'poetry,' not 'verse,' of design.

That penetrating and considerate critic, the late H. D. Traill, wrote a brilliant essay some years ago on Minor Poetry, with the object, generally speaking, of showing that there were no minor poets. His thesis was that there were some fifty living writers in metre (I think he afterwards raised the number to seventy), each of whom had about as much claim to the title of poet, without any qualifying adjective, as any other. In fact, he maintained that if the class-list system were adopted, it was next to impossible for a conscientious examiner to separate these two score or three score candidates for the bays on the ground of merit. Assuming that the two or three great poets of unchallenged fame were given a place 'above the Senior Wrangler,' the other half-hundred or so would all have to be bracketed together to fill the remainder of the first division. Judged by any sound standards of poetical excellence—style, thought, feeling, expression—you could not honestly say that any one of these authors was so much below the rest as to be disentitled to any such honours as rightly belonged to his competitors. Mævius was as good as Bavius, if equitably marked on all his papers.

I suppose that Traill, who deeply loved a paradox, exaggerated his case with conscious and purposeful irony. But his mere numerical estimate seems to me unduly moderate. My own Session of the Poets would be more largely attended. Indeed, the moment you come to figures you are appalled, or at least amazed, by their magnitude. I have before me as I write Mr. William Archer's 'Poets of the Younger Generation,' a substantial volume, tall and stout. It deals with thirty-three writers of verse, most of whom—the list includes Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. H. C. Beeching, Mr. W. B. Yeats—would have every claim to be reckoned in Mr. Traill's first class. But you might think that 580 pages devoted to criticism of contemporary versifiers would dispose of the whole, or nearly the whole, of those worth any notice at all. This is far from the case. I have no doubt that Mr. Archer could fill another volume as large, and yet leave his subject unexhausted. For various reasons, some due to the plan of his work, some, I suppose, to his personal tastes, his collection omits numerous writers who would necessarily be comprehended in any complete review of the poetical literature of the day in Great Britain. No poet born before 1850 is touched by Mr. Archer, who is chiefly interested in *les jeunes*—that is to say,

the youngsters of forty or so for the most part. Hence, many of the established reputations are necessarily withdrawn from the survey. Mr. Archer does not criticise Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Henley, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir Alfred Lyall, the late Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Alfred Austin, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Mallock, or Mr. Robert Bridges. Here is a group of poets whose names would be added to Mr. Archer's thirty-three, if his list were to be taken as the foundation of a Parnassian catalogue. But this is only a small instalment of the additions. Mr. Archer, believing that 'the expression and justification of enjoyment' is the highest function of criticism, has, quite properly from his own point of view, concerned himself solely with those bards, even of the 'younger generation,' whose works give him genuine pleasure. Hence his selection is arbitrary. It does not include another batch of poets, whose verses for the most part give *me* 'genuine pleasure'—not, of course, that this is to the point—and who, in the essential qualities of thought and expression, do not seem to fall below the majority of Mr. Archer's team. Another compiler might very well have taken all or some of them. On the other hand, no one could complain of their omission, even if there had been any attempt to make the nosegay representative of the flowers in the garden, instead of being chosen merely because they happened to please the eye and nose of the gatherer.

For my own part I could not easily write a volume on the poetry of the hour and omit reference to the author of this :

## A SIN.

I met a woman in the street,  
The angry wind seemed blowing through  
I halted, for the way she trod  
Reminded me of you.

She turned and spoke in tones that matched  
Her soft tear-clouded eyes of blue :  
I gave her bread because her voice  
Reminded me of you.

But as I went upon my road,  
The sin flashed full upon my view—  
In that I only gave to God,  
In memory of you.

Or this :

Once in the daring days,  
 Born out of strife,  
 Gods of my fashioning  
 Sprang into life—  
 Gods of high flight that scorn  
 Death as he plods,  
 Wonderful, winged, and wild,  
 Glittering gods!  
 Yet were they weak as reeds,  
 Bending for this,  
 Only a woman's eyes,  
 Only her kiss.

Gods, shall I yearn to stay,  
 Stoop and grow sad,  
 Poor, since no riches buy  
 Aught that I had?  
 Never again to speed  
 Over the lawn,  
 Over the hills to catch  
 Sparkles of dawn!  
 Never again to wait  
 Down by the brook,  
 Wait for her coming feet,  
 Long for her look!

Gods that have fashioned me,  
 Take me again,  
 Take me, forgiving me,  
 Error and stain;  
 Spare them that love me yet,  
 Find them a face—  
 Find them a heart and life  
 Dear in my place—  
 And when the swallow's wings  
 Whispering sweep,  
 Leave me a little while  
 Dreaming asleep!

Then for my covering  
 Grant me, I crave,  
 Armies of rapid weeds,  
 Storming my grave!  
 Regiments with grassy spears  
 Marching along,  
 Chanting, for me alone,  
 Snatches of song!  
 And let the friends who come,  
 Seeking me, start  
 Birds from my resting feet,  
 Birds from my heart!



These stanzas are by Mr. Norman Gale, who would find a place in my *Corpus Poetarum* if I were endeavouring to fill it with the best metrical work of the last two decades. So, I think, would Professor Dowden, Canon Rawnsley, Sir Rennell Rodd, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Wilfred Blunt (whose 'Love Sonnets of Proteus' and other poems, full of passion and vitality, would have made him famous long since if he had been a Frenchman), Miss Mary Robinson (whom foreign scholars and critics, like M. Gaston Paris, have learnt to admire, though her own countrymen seem scarcely to have recognised her genius), 'Violet Fane,' Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Conan Doyle, the Earl of Crewe, and if the lighter Muses were admitted (I do not know why they should not be), Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. Charles Graves. Mr. Archer, who was not compiling a *Corpus*, is probably acquainted with the writings of these authors, and if he does not find space for them in his six hundred pages, it is for those sufficient reasons which have already been mentioned. He had to make a selection, and no one can say that he has not chosen wisely, or bestowed the acuteness of his critical analysis upon a company of poets who, in nearly all cases, are quite worthy of the honour. All I am contending for is that there are others of great merit and interest, perhaps equal to these. Mr. Archer protests against 'the general tendency among cultivated people to assume that English poetry has of late entered on a (temporary or permanent) period of decadence.' That there is abundant intellectual activity and much real capacity engaged in poetical production, he shows by the specimens of admirable craftsmanship he brings together and examines; and if the net be cast wider more gems could be brought up from the depths. For apart from such writers as those just mentioned, of whom people with a taste for letters would be expected to know something, there are many others who, I am afraid, are known only to a few, a very few, reviewers. Yet the excellence of some of these unrecognised versifiers is quite surprising. Pick up an odd lot of books of verse, such as you can see any day on the tables of a great newspaper office—sent in by the publisher on the chance that they may be 'noticed'—and you will presently come upon something that has at least poetical quality.

Peace on thy house, O passer-by!  
 Say if perchance one hears or knows  
 Of Nada Ghazal, whose least sigh  
 Is richer than an attar rose.

## THE PLETHORA OF POETS.

She moves, and all the senses err,  
 Filled with the fragrance of her grace.  
 The lightest leaf will hardly stir,  
 Lest o'er the marvel of her face  
 She draws the golden gossamer.  
 She takes the rulers in her toils,  
 Their souls are hers to save and slay,  
 Upon her lap she holds the spoils  
 Of cities, cast like coins away.  
 She has no needs, she knows no cares,  
 Her thoughts are white doves on the wing;  
 The woes of all the world she wears,  
 As lightly as a jewelled ring.

This is by Mr. Hamilton Piffard, a poet of whom I know nothing, except his name, and a single thin volume of verse, from which I take this extract. Or I turn to 'Kiartan the Icelander,' a drama by Mr. Newman Howard, written in blank verse of this quality:

No laggard life! Would ye deserve a bride,  
 A head of Iceland gold, an eider breast,—  
 Like sunlight over snow-fell,—would ye win  
 A ripple of laughter, a steadfast tide of love  
 Setting toward the haven of Gimli's Hall,—  
 A bride, a Gudrun—(nay, by Thor, her like  
 Is not to win)—then up, and sail the sea!  
 No laggard life, I say; but breed ye sons  
 To make old Iceland's name ring down the world.  
 Yea: as for me,—by the hammer of Thor I swear  
 To win a sword, a King's gift like my father's,  
 And for my bride a token ere we wed,—  
 Some splendours from the coffers of a King,—  
 To make her proudest of the brides of Iceland:  
 That, by the ring of Odin,—that I swear,—  
 That is the rede for me!

*Olaf.*

Son,

We hoped your thoughts had wandered far from her.

*Kiartan.* Shall Iceland be forgotten of Olaf's son?

*Olaf.* Not Iceland, Kiartan.

*Kiartan.* And is not Iceland Gudrun?

The flowers are made of her, the sky, the sea,  
 The blue hills, and the blush upon the snows;  
 The mown hay breathes of Gudrun, and the gulls  
 Call to the wild sea-nesses of Gudrun's name.  
 No, I have not forgotten Gudrun, father!

No discriminating reader, I think, can fail to recognise in 'Kiartan the Icelander' a dramatic poem of admirable quality and, in many respects, exceptional power. Its story is drawn

from the Laxdale Saga, from which the late William Morris derived the materials for his 'Lovers of Gudrun.' I do not think that Mr. Howard's treatment of this tragedy of passion and treachery, of betrayal and self-sacrifice, will in any way suffer by comparison with the work of the author of the 'Earthly Paradise.' Basing his piece upon the legendary history of an ancient and primitive people, Mr. Howard has reproduced the strong simplicity of the sagas with remarkable success. His characters are intense and vital, and the clash of motive, the dramatic conflict of personality, are brought out, with genuine skill, against the background of Icelandic scenery and the traditions and usages of the early Scandinavian settlers. The theme is the love of the young hero Kiartan for Gudrun and the perfidy of his foster-brother Bolli, who wins the girl by a trick, during Kiartan's absence. The fierce old Norse tale of blood and lust and cruelty and heroic devotion is modified by being interwoven with the story of the conversion of Iceland to Christianity; so that, behind and beyond the life and loves of Gudrun and her rival suitors, the sway of a great world-movement is felt. As Kiartan falls, a victim to his refusal to win safety by killing his false friend, the Paganism of the white, mist-haunted North seems to fall with him, and its epitaph is sung in the verses of the blind bard Liot, which closes the play:—

But as for him—these eyes have seen of old  
Stars flocking in the sky by some Great Hand  
Shepherded to their wattles in the west;  
But now upon my noonday darkness beam  
Lights more divine, and mightier majesties:  
Nor till the stars are blown out in the night,  
Shall any breath extinguish such a soul.  
But you whose eyes still gaze upon our isle,  
Lonely amid the foam of far-off seas,  
Behold his fame aflame upon the clouds,  
His pyre aglow upon the eternal hills!  
The aurora is his watchtower in the sky;  
Iceland shall be God's acre for his bones;  
And, for his dirge and monument, behold  
Her wild sea-nesses and her windy walls,  
And hollow caverns washed with thundering waves.

All this is surely the true stuff of tragedy, the work, one cannot doubt, of a genuine poet. If I pause to dwell upon it for a moment it is to support my thesis as to the fine quality of so much of the verse which falls, I fear, stillborn and unnoticed on the world. Some good critics have appreciated Mr. Howard's

genius, but the public does not recognise him, and it would not surprise me to learn that even so diligent an explorer of contemporary merit as Mr. Archer has not as yet made his acquaintance. It is, indeed, the fate of some of our 'makers' in these days to live and die almost unknown. I turn again to my shelves and take down the 'Last Poems of Susan K. Phillips' (the imprint is only of the year 1898, but Susan Phillips will sing no more to mortal ears), and I light upon such polished and delicate lines as these :

#### NIGHTINGALES AT GRANADA.

Do you forget the starry light,  
The glory of the southern night ;  
The wooing of the scented breeze,  
That rustled all the shadowy trees ;  
The tinkling of the falling streams,  
That mingled with our waking dreams ;  
And, echoing from the wooded vales,  
The nightingales, the nightingales ?

Do you forget how passing fair  
The Moorish palace nestled there,  
With arch and roof and coign and niche,  
In carven beauty rare and rich ;  
With court and hall and corridor,  
Where we two lingered, o'er and o'er,  
While blent with old romantic tales  
The music of the nightingales ?

Or these :

#### THE FISHERMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

The land-locked air is warm and sweet,  
The land-locked breeze is soft to meet,  
The land-locked path lies smooth and green,  
Where golden sunlights fleck between  
The foliage of the elm and ash ;  
And bright the land-locked waters flash  
Past ferny bank and mossy grot,  
All blue with the forget-me-not.

But I, amid the daisied leas,  
And the cool shade of spreading trees,  
While in sweet chorus finch and thrush  
Make music in the scented bush—  
I want the wild wind, fresh and free,  
That sweeps across the Northern Sea—  
The keen, strong wind that blows to give  
The room to breathe, the strength to live.

I might go on with my dredgings from the deep, my samples of the submerged ; but this paper is not an anthology. Enough

has been said, perhaps, to indicate how large is the output in the present 'unpoetical' age, not of mere verse, but even of verse which bears some at least of the essential characteristics of poetry.

If, however, we lower the standard somewhat, and turn our attention to writers in rhyme and metre generally, without much regard to the quality of their achievement, the results are still more unexpected. I have before me two other collections of contemporary verse besides Mr. Archer's. One is Professor William Knight's '*Pro Patria et Regina*' (Glasgow, James MacLehose Sons, 1901); the other a volume, from which I have derived both edification and entertainment, entitled '*Gems of Poesy by Present-Day Authors*,' edited by Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature (London: George Kenning, 1901). Professor Knight's book owes its title to the fact that it originated in a movement to assist the Queen's Fund for soldiers and sailors; but its contents are not exclusively, or specially, patriotic and loyal. It presents extracts from various writers, arranged in alphabetical order. Mr. Knight's bards, who are not limited to the 'younger generation,' but include the Poet Laureate, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Aubrey de Vere, are fifty-five in all, besides certain representatives of the famous family of 'Anon.' Of the fifty-five names, four (those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. Henry Newbolt) are also in Mr. Archer's collection. Mr. Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., dispenses fame with a liberal hand. His poets and poetesses are in number no less than 153, of whom two only (Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson and Mr. Kipling) have engaged the attention of Mr. Archer, while five (Mr. Austin, the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Garnett, Sir Lewis Morris, and of course Mr. Kipling) are common to Forshaw and Knight. Taking the three anthologies together, we have over 230 separate authors living, or very recently deceased, all of whom, in the opinion of editors of more or less competence, deserve to be placed among the contemporary producers of what Mr. Forshaw, LL.D., calls '*Gems of Poesy*.'<sup>1</sup> I am

<sup>1</sup> I am in these pages referring only to poets of British birth and nationality, or at any rate those who may be said to be 'in actual practice' in the United Kingdom. The United States, as usual, has a larger production of verse as of other manufactured articles. In Mr. E. C. Stedman's '*Anthology of American Poetry*' there are 580 names, most of them those of living writers. But it is difficult to

afraid that the certificate of proficiency is not quite the same in all cases. The compiler of the 'Gems' is not a severe critic, and he is moved easily to admire. Some of the pieces which he prints and praises (he is polite enough to find good words to say about all his contributors) are of an amazing badness. Even patriotism cannot excuse these stanzas on Jameson's Raid, which out-distance a more celebrated exercise on the same theme:—

Wild spirited raiders rushed over the land,  
 Invading the regions of Eastern Transvaal:  
 A fiery, determined, and terrible band—  
 No visions of danger their spirits appal;  
 To rescue Outlanders imploring their aid,  
 By whom they were shamefully, basely betrayed.  
 Enfeebled, exhausted with hunger and toil,  
 Fired down by the ambushed guerilla-trained Boers,  
 All vanquished they fell upon Krugersdorp soil;  
 Such valorous rashness their country deplores.  
 The proud Dutch Republic her prowess may boast,  
 As if she had vanquished a mightier host.  
 The Kaiser might welcome a British reverse,  
 And frown on Britannia with jealous disdain;  
 A German disaster to him may prove worse,  
 Imperial follies imperil his reign.  
 Our swift flying squadrons on oceans set free,  
 Would sink hostile armaments under the sea.

form any fair estimate of the productions of the minor poets of the United States, since there is very little export trade in their wares. I am not able to say whether 'Washington; or the Revolution, a Drama (in blank verse) founded upon the historic events of the War for American Independence, by Ethan Allen, in Two Parts, each Part Five Acts,' is a fairly representative work. The writer has 'got up' the American War of Independence industriously, and his footnotes embody a mass of information. All the important personages of the time are introduced, including King George III., Louis XVI., Lord North, Lafayette, and Franklin. It is written in a style which has given me new views of the capabilities of blank verse:

*Franklin.* We have passed three years  
 Of great anxiety, and come forth the victors.  
 In peace or war This People find  
 Equal favour.

*Mifflin.* Strong men have opposed our labours.

*Adams.* And being narrow minded  
 And short of vision, have been floored—as was  
 The proper thing. In eighty-five the King  
 Of England received me as the Minister  
 Of a nation tied with a rotten string.  
 Now—should I return to him again—he  
 Would receive me, as an agent of a  
 Power, firm bound in iron.

The author of a piece called 'Absence' is, it appears, a clergyman and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and the holder of a Yorkshire living, who varies his parochial labours with verses after this manner:—

While you are roaming wilds unknown,  
Let not your love of home decay,  
We think of you and gladly own  
That we shall meet some future day.

That day our hearts do yearn to see,  
Make not continuous delay,  
For some who are, may then not be,  
When we shall meet that future day.

The really astonishing thing is that any man of education can write in this fashion at the present day. Not very many of Mr. Forshaw's poets descend to this level, but a large number of his extracts differ from these specimens in degree rather than in kind. That is to say, many of these schoolmasters, country clergymen, gentlemen in the Civil Service, literary ladies, journalists, majors of Volunteer corps, and others (Mr. Forshaw's favourites are most variously occupied in their non-poetic hours) are writing with a blank disregard, a supreme unconsciousness, of the literary movement of the past forty years.

Have I not striven in vain to forget thee,  
Tried to believe that I loved thee no more,  
Lied when I said I had ceased to regret thee?—  
Thee whom I never can cease to adore.

. . . . .

Come to me, sweet; it were treason to doubt thee,  
Come to my heart that is brimming with love.  
Come, for the world is a desert without thee;  
Make me the envy of angels above.

So might the author of 'Lines to an Expiring Frog' have written in Mrs. Leo Hunter's album, or my Lord Southdown in the 'Book of Beauty.' But the literary critic, with ear attuned to the subtler harmonies, the more pregnant expression, of our time, would be disposed to aver that it has been simply impossible to write in this fashion any time during the past quarter of a century. One might write perhaps worse, but not with that particular kind of mediocrity, which he would suppose—quite wrongly—is as obsolete as chain-armour or highway robbery. It only shows how poorly the critic really sounds that multitudinous sea, the reading public. There are gulfs and bays—nay, whole

oceans—of printed and published matter, whose waves never lap within sight or hearing of the literary class, the people who think and talk books all their time, and are more interested in writers and readers than in anything else. I wonder are the experts, the leading practitioners, in other avocations as ignorant of all that is doing outside their own corner? Would a West-end tailor not even know the names, or recognise the wares, of the firms who clothe Stepney and the provinces? Could not that eminent consulting physician, Sir Harley Wimpole, M.D., turn from his fashionable patients, if he pleased, to give a shrewd guess at the kind of business done by the back-street doctor, who doses housemaids and shopboys for shillings behind a brown-glazed window? I fancy that in the other trades there is more mutual knowledge if not a closer interdependence. But in the craft of authorship there is a gulf fixed between the various workshops and studios—a gulf so deep and wide that scarcely a whisper floats across it from one to the other. Take the zealous editor of the 'Gems of Poesy' himself. The writer of these observations has been concerned with literary and journalistic matters for a good many years. It has been his business to keep 'in the movement' of the printed page, he reads the literary newspapers, he has reviewed books of all kinds by the hundred, and books of verse by the score. Yet I confess that I never heard of Mr. Forshaw till the other day, when I was presented with a copy of the 'Gems of Poetry' by a talented lady who has enriched its pages. I admit the fact of my ignorance with a certain sense of humiliation, such as I conceive might embarrass a professor of geology, if he learnt that there were beds and ranges of fossiliferous rocks in Great Britain of which he knew nothing. For, after all, the literary journalist, I suppose, *ought* to have heard of Mr. Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and of the Royal Historical Society, who has published—so I learn from his title-pages—no fewer than three and thirty separate works. The learned gentleman is a versatile author. His treatise on 'Tobacco, and its Effects on the Teeth' has gone through five editions; 'Alcohol, and its Influence on the Body' is more popular by one edition; and I trust Mr. Forshaw did well with 'Stammering, its Causes and Cure,' with 'Memories of Manxland,' with 'Poetical Tributes to Mr. Gladstone,' and particularly with the volume which bears the alluring title of 'Naughty but Nice.' Mr. Forshaw himself writes verse. His 'Original Poems' (pp. 320)



and his 'Legend of St. Bees, and other Poems' (pp. 256), may in time perhaps rival in popularity the works on tobacco and alcohol, which so far seem to have proved more attractive to the public. I have said enough to show that the student need not regret making the literary acquaintance of Mr. Forshaw and his hundred and fifty singers. Even if he does not always appreciate the poetry, he will enjoy the biographical notes. Without Mr. Forshaw I for one should never have known how many people there are who write verses, and how diverse are their pursuits.

Nevertheless, this conscientious editor still leaves me with my enigmas unsolved. He adds a paradox the more, a fresh puzzle to those with which I despairingly survey contemporary verse. How account for the astonishing differences in quality which have been noticed—the differences between Mr. Archer's bards and some of Mr. Forshaw's, or even between the best and worst of those who appear between Mr. Forshaw's own covers? How is it possible that a generation, which reads compositions so finished and subtle, can also read others that are so crude, so antiquated, so artless? Is the answer that neither the one class nor the other *is* read? But that only brings me to another problem. *Why* are they not read? Or, if not read, why do people go on writing them? Considering the extraordinary interest taken in almost every other literary form, the public indifference to verse is curious. There is a young poet, whose name has been mentioned in the foregoing pages, and who has been deservedly praised by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Courthope and other good judges. He tells me that to the public he has sold exactly *five* copies. There are, I believe, some few living poets—I suppose not more than three or four at the outside—whose works do command a sale which would not be held to signify absolute failure in the case of a second-rate novelist. But their experience is quite exceptional. Taking the whole body, we may assume that they write not only without reward—poets have often done that—but even without recognition. So that going back to our 'first class,' we must conclude that there are scores of the most finished, most accomplished, writers of the age—men and women often of rare gifts and attainments, whose delicate literary art contrasts significantly with the slipshod workmanship so frequent in contemporary fiction and drama—with so few readers that their works can scarcely pay for the cost of paper and printing. We

come back to the proposition with which I started. We live in an unpoetical age. But it is not unpoetical in the sense that people do not *write* verse, for, on the contrary, we have seen that they do, and plenty of it, and often of very high quality. The lack of poetry is in the reading public, which has apparently lost its taste for the oldest and most characteristic art-form of the Anglo-Celtic race. Why this should be so is, as I began by saying, a riddle which I do not profess to be able to read. If I might venture on a tentative and partial solution it is this, which may perhaps be thrown into the form of a question. Has the music of the written word been drowned by the deeper music of tones and numbers? Has the more persuasive, more intellectual, Muse paled before the passionate charms of her younger sister? The art of Beethoven and Bach is not nobler or more perfect than that of Virgil and Dante, of Milton and Shelley. But it may be that it strikes more easily to the heart of our generation. Does poetry share with sculpture the disability that waits on plastic art in an age which has lost the sense of form, the delight in symmetry? Our hurrying emotions, our tense and quivering nerves, cannot pause to dwell on line and curve and balance, or to taste the cold perfection of ordered rhythms, of exquisite description, of subtle allusion, of carved and pinnacled and fretted language. The poet, like the sculptor, makes his appeal to the senses and the passions through the mind, the imagination, and the memory. But the composer goes straight to the fevered modern soul, nor does he demand from it that kind of tranquil and intelligent co-operation, without which verse is like the tinkling of a cracked cymbal, the beat of an untuned drum.

The East bowed low before the blast,  
With patient deep disdain,  
She heard the legions thunder past  
And plunged in thought again.

*She heard the legions thunder past!* To some of us, it may be, those half-dozen words in that flowing stanza are supreme in their grandeur. Not all the complex harmonies of the orchestra, not the ear-filling crash of brass and wood, the solemn moan of the basses, the cooing of the clarionets, the plangent wail of the violins, and the defiant call of horns and trumpets, can stir us more. But this, I know, is a somewhat unusual and, on the whole, an unenviable experience. To the modern senses, music

means more than verse ever can. Words seem tame and limited beside the 'larger utterance' of the great tone-poets :—

*Miserere Domine !*

The words are uttered and they flee.  
 They have declared the spirit's sore,  
 Sore load and words can do no more.  
 Beethoven takes them then—those two  
 Poor bounded words—and makes them new.  
 Infinite makes them, makes them young ;  
 Transplants them to another tongue,  
 Where they can now, without constraint,  
 Pour all the soul of their complaint ;  
 And roll adown a channel large,  
 The wealth divine they have in charge.  
 Page after page of music turn,  
 And still they live, and still they burn,  
 Eternal, passion-fraught and free ;  
*Miserere Domine.*

Our songs are *Lieder ohne Worte*. To a generation trained on Brahms and Chopin, on Schubert and Grieg and Wagner, the poets pipe to ears not deaf, indeed, but tingling with the voices of the starry spheres. Is this the solution of the enigma above mentioned ? I give it for what it is worth. It is at least more flattering than some others that might conceivably be suggested.

SIDNEY LOW.

*THE CENSUS IN OUR VILLAGE.<sup>1</sup>*

JOSH, aged ten, with blue eyes and red locks, and Dobs, nine, with brown eyes and fair hair, sat opposite one another at the breakfast table of their Aunt and Uncle Fyffe. Aunt Agnes was reading her letters and discussing an engagement.

'Ridley told me the girl is nine years older than her fiancé,' said Uncle Bob Fyffe. Aunt Agnes flushed loyally.

'That's quite untrue,' she said. 'How mean people are! And if it is true, where's the use of talking about it?'

'Well, put her at thirty-five then,' said Uncle Bob.

'Thirty-five?' said Aunt Agnes, 'why, your own sister Ella, a contemporary of her's, isn't thirty-five yet, only people take her for forty because she dresses like a pew-opener.'

'Women are so misleading,' said Uncle Bob placidly.

'How old are you, aunt?' said Josh, through a marmalade fog.

'As old as my little finger and a little older than my teeth,' said the aunt solemnly.

Josh looked hurt.

'I don't see how that can be,' he began. But the carriage came round, and he gulped the remainder of his breakfast and went to look at the horses.

Aunt Agnes and Uncle Bob took their seats.

'They're never going out all day without us?' said Dobs to Josh. But they were. They had to meet a bishop.

'Darling Dobs,' said Aunt Agnes, 'you know I hate leaving you; but Smith will see that you have your favourite puddings for lunch, and you can take tea on the moor. And Josh, don't buy those common village cigarettes.' Then the carriage disappeared.

'I shall go into Uncle Bob's room,' said Josh, 'and see what I can find. She didn't say we were not to smoke at all.'

So they went. But there was nothing to be found. Dobs' eye fell on some blue printed forms on the table.

'They look like beastly school stuff,' he said. Josh was contemplating a portrait of his aunt on the wall.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1902, by Mrs. Stepney Rawson, in the United States of America.

'This must have been done ever so long ago,' he pondered. 'But Aunt Agnes isn't exactly old now, I suppose.'

'Women are so misleading,' said Dobs.

'Juggins,' retorted Josh, and threw a golf-ball at Dobs, which went through the window.

'You'll have to pay,' said Dobs cheerfully.

'You owe me sixpence,' said Josh sharply. 'Bother, Dobs; let's go out. Put the table straight. What's that? Why they're census papers. Dobs, let's go round the village and make all the people write their ages. We'll go to Mrs. Drew's. She's sport. Her husband was out in the first Boer war with Uncle Bob. And she's got a thirty-pounder salmon stuffed, in a case, with a tail like a Japanese fan. We'll take those papers.'

'I suppose it's all right,' said Dobs, peeping into a half-open drawer.

Then they scrambled out of the window (because it was so much harder than going out by the door), and they 'sloped' down the road, Dobs a little behind his brother, with a quill behind his ear, and a bundle of blue papers tied with pink string under his arm. Half-way up the straggling row of whitewashed slate-roofed cottages he found a baby hedgehog and stopped to pocket it.

'Don't dawdle,' said Josh magisterially; but he didn't see the hedgehog.

Mrs. Drew's door was, fortunately, open.

'Good morning,' said Josh, taking off his cap. 'My uncle, Mr. Fyffe, is away and we have some important papers for you to fill up. He had to go to Hexham to meet a bishop. The King has sent these papers, Mrs. Drew. They're the Census.'

'Hoots!' said Mrs. Drew, blinking sceptically.

'Dobs, unroll the papers!'

Dobs did so.

'We'll come in and explain,' said Josh.

'Oo aië, noo, Master Josh. Ah'm bakin'.'

'Got any crack-backs?'

'Noo; these be sooden deaths.'

She opened the oven door. Two noses sniffed.

'Let's try 'em.'

'They lie awfu' heavy on a bilious stoomac, Master Josh. I had them once here,' she put her hand to her huge shawl pin, 'and ut was joost like a lodgement, Master Josh.'

'I'm bilious sometimes,' said Dobs, 'I'll try one and see.'

'You'd better look out,' said Josh. 'Sudden death is an awful thing.'

'Not so bad as Senna,' said Dobs, with an air of experience.

'I say, mine's got eleven plums. It's topping.'

'Mrs. Drew,' said Josh, 'how old are you?'

'Joost as old as my little finger, Master Josh.'

'That's what Aunt Agnes said. Let's have a look at it. Why, it's crooked!'

'Tis the chalk stoan, sir.'

'A *lodgement*?' asked Dobs, politely.

'Indeed, an' it is.'

'Does it hurt?'

'Indeed, and it doos. I've dreadful workuns all over, an' sumthin' arful in that finger.'

'What's "workuns"?''

'Oo noo, Master Josh, 'tis gripin's and creakin's and wrenchin's, fit to leave ye garspin' like a troots on a stoan after a fluid.'

'I suppose every joint stands for ten years,' said Dobs, coming back to the subject. 'Your finger's got three joints, so you are thirty. Please put your name down here.'

'Hoots noo, Master Josh, ah'm thinkin' you're laffin'.'

'Honour,' said Josh, 'here are the papers. Your name is first on the list.'

'That,' added Dobs solemnly, 'is a special honour. You understand, you are asked to head this list because you have been in the village longer than anyone else, and because your husband's a V.C. and fought the Boers long ago. Where's the ink?'

She fetched it, protesting 'Ah'm bad wi' a pen.' Then she scratched, 'Anna Sophia Drew,' very carefully, breathing heavily.

'Blot it with your apron,' said Dobs. 'It answers just as well.'

'Hoots na. Along wi' you,' said Mrs. Drew, whose cakes were beginning to frizzle.

'It will dry as we go,' said Dobs. 'Good morning, Mrs. Drew. These sudden deaths are jolly.'

They turned the corner, and went on to where Mrs. Bell was chopping wood. Josh took off his cap. 'How do you do?' he said. 'We've come about some business. We won't keep you long.'

Mrs. Bell put the hatchet down and gaped.

'This,' said Josh, 'is a Commission. It's for getting a list of

all the people in Heughside and Bellingham, and their ages, and their—their——’

‘Professions,’ said Dobs.

‘I canna give ye any pennies to’t,’ grunted Mrs. Bell. ‘T’last week the Minister coom to ask me for a silver shellin’ to the Christmas Bell Ringing. I canna bide wi’ prescreptions.’

‘This isn’t a prescription,’ said Josh. ‘It’s a Commission. The King sends it to all the villages. Mrs. Drew has signed it. All you have to do is to put your name down and say what you do, and how old you are.’

‘Wood-cutter, for instance,’ said Dobbs, taking hold of the axe, and feeling the edge gently. ‘I say, this *is* blunt.’

‘Bloont it is, sir, and a’ wish a’ had a saw, for it breaks my arm cuttin’, foreby the draggin’ of it indoors.’

‘We’ll help you,’ said Josh courteously. ‘You ought to have a saw. I’ll tell my uncle.’

‘It’s Maister Fyffe you come from?’

‘Yes. My uncle’s gone to Hexham to meet a bishop.’

‘A don’t hold wi’ bishops,’ said Mrs. Bell. ‘Please, sir, don’t put the wood in the yard, but in the shed.’

‘You *are* a wood-cutter, I suppose?’ murmured Dobs flourishing the quill.

Mrs. Bell gurgled, ‘Na, na. A coots for the Hall sometimes. But a’ lives oopright.’

‘I am sure you do,’ said Dobs, puzzled at this sudden allusion to morals.

‘What a nice kitchen you’ve got,’ said Josh; ‘but how hot it is.’

‘Oo ay. I’ve got the face-ache, sir, dreadful bad. Ah’m joost goin’ to clap a bit of fat baercon on ut.’

‘I should like to see you do it,’ said Josh seating himself.

‘Lesten to the lad,’ chuckled Mrs. Bell.

‘You’re forgetting the Census,’ urged Dobs, who was getting bored.

‘Oh, by-the-by,’ said Josh. ‘Have you had the measles, Mrs. Bell? We’re obliged to put these things down carefully.’

‘Dearie,’ said Mrs. Bell. ‘A coorse ah’ve had them. You can noot it doon.’

‘But you must write your name first, please.’

Which Mrs. Bell did, shaking her sides.

‘Now the age.’

‘How much did Mrs. Drew put?’ she asked suspiciously.

'Thirty,' said Josh, 'at least we settled it as that by the age of her finger.'

'Heugh,' said Mrs. Bell, contemptuously. 'Ah'm forty-five, and ah'm not ashamed.'

Dobs put down the numbers.

'Profession?' said Josh inquisitorially.

'A live oopright,' persisted Mrs. Bell.

'Oh, of course,' said Josh, still mystified—and Dobs wrote it down.

'Come along, Dobs. Good-bye, Mrs. Bell. I won't forget about the saw.'

The next house was shut, and the next, and the next.

'They seem to be all out,' said Dobs sorrowfully.

'I suppose they're all hoeing turnips.'

'There's someone in that little tumbledown house,' said Josh. He went up and reconnoitred.

'There's a girl living in that house who's got her heart on the wrong side,' said Dobs.

'George told me so when I went down the village with him to see Aunt Agnes's white pony shod last night. She's a nice girl. Shall we go in and ask her if it's true?'

'All right.' So they knocked, and then steps clattered to the door.

A dark-haired woman with keen, brown eyes, and a clean-cut face flung the door open. She put her arms akimbo.

'Wull,' she said satirically.

'We are a Commission,' said Josh, not feeling very brave, while Dobs waved the blue papers.

'I don't know who ye are, and a' don't care what ye are, but if you're the excise ye may goo hoam.'

'We're *not*,' said Josh. 'We are a Commission from the King. I am Joshua Daglish, and this is my brother James John Daglish, but he is generally called Dobs. We're staying at the Hall with my uncle.'

Her face showed a tendency to unwrinkle.

'Ye are shure it isn't the excise.'

'Rather not,' said Josh.

'May we come in and tell you?'

'You may goo into the parlour ef you like, sir, but ef ye want to come into the kitchen or the wash-hoose, ye may walk over ma deed bodda.'



'The parlour's all right,' said Josh brightly, and walked in.

'Tak a seat, sir,' said the good woman.

'May I ask your name?' said Josh in his grandest manner.

'Maughan.'

'Mrs. Maughan? Have you any one living here?'

'Ma daughter, sir, puir thing.'

'Is she *very* ill?' said Dobs sympathetically.

'A doots if she can live the winter.'

'Is her heart on the wrong side?' said Josh.

'That it is, sir.'

'How can you tell?' said Josh critically.

'By the thoompin.'

'How curious,' said Dobs. 'There must be a hole in the place where it ought to be. Can we see her?'

'Na, she's busy wi' the bakin'. And ma washin's getting stiff wi' starch. Please, will you be pleased to come another day?'

'Will you kindly sign this?' said Josh.

'Na, a' canna. It's like puttin' yer name to a death warrantry, Master Darlish.'

'Oh, but it's all right. What profession shall we put you down?'

'Ah'm a married woman, sir,' said Mrs. Maughan.

'That's not a profession,' said Josh scornfully. 'However, you can write it, Dobs. The age, please?'

Mrs. Maughan's eyes twinkled. 'Ye may put me doon at twenty-eight,' she said; which Dobs did.

'Honour?' said Josh.

'A' coorse,' said Mrs. Maughan, smiling.

'There's grey in her hair,' said Josh pensively, as they strolled on. 'I believe she's fifty if she's an inch.'

'Why didn't you say so to her face?' said Dobs.

'Shut up. I want to knock at this door.' But the door opened and a tall gaunt matron put her head out.

'What'll you be wantin', maister?' she said, with cold scrutiny.

'We wish to ask you to sign this paper—the other people have signed it.' They followed her in.

'My uncle, Major Fyffe,' began Josh.

'I say,' said Dobs, who caught sight of a glass bottle full of pink lozenges. 'Do you sell sweets? Because I'll have a pennorth.'

'You're welcome to try one,' said the woman rather grimly, and Dobs helped himself, and slipped the sweet into his pocket.

'What are they?' said Josh.

'Lozenges,' she answered.

'Then I won't, thank you. Dobs, have you got the papers? We want you, Mrs. —.'

'My name's Wilson.'

'Mrs. Wilson, we want you to sign this paper, and put down your profession and your age.'

'Ah'm just twenty-sax,' said the dame grimly.

'Oh, oh!' said Josh and Dobs together.

'That's not true,' said Josh, 'and you know it. Besides, to take off a lot of years from your age is a sort of stealing, isn't it, Dobs?'

'Yes,' said Dobs solemnly, 'stealing from *God*.'

'Besides it isn't ladylike,' said Josh sententiously. 'Now shall I put forty?' he said coaxingly.

'Hoots!' cried the indignant lady with her arms akimbo. 'A' may be a thief, and—a' may be a leeor; but a' thank ma God ah'm a leddy. Oot's wi ye, bairns.'

And so His Majesty's Commissioners took to their heels.

'Now you've busted up the whole thing,' said Dobs.

'What's the lozenge she gave you like?' queried Josh as they sat in safety on a peat stack in their uncle's yard.

Dobs fumbled. Out came a rusty knife, a horse-chestnut with a piece of string tied to it—and the baby hedgehog. Josh made a dive at it. The two boys rolled together on the peat stack, and Dobs emerged the poorer for the hedgehog.

'Let me smell the sweet,' said Josh, once more magisterial. He sniffed, and returned it.

'You can keep it,' he said frankly. Dobs put it in his mouth. Josh watched his face with curiosity.

'What's it like?' he asked very civilly.

'Roo-barb.' Dobs gulped it wryly.

'Phoo! you'll have what Mrs. Drew calls workuns.'

And Dobs did.

MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

## GERMAN DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

The interest excited by the stage and the importance attached to everything connected with it are greater in Germany than in any other part of Europe. . . . The Germans talk of it as of some new organ for refining the hearts and minds of men; a sort of lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one, and perhaps even better fitted to exalt some of our nobler feelings. . . . Literature attracts nearly all the powerful thought that circulates in Germany; and the theatre is the greatest nucleus of German literature.

THESE words are as applicable to the conditions of the drama in Germany at the present day as they were when Carlyle wrote them in 1825. The part played by the theatre in modern German life can scarcely be overrated. In every town the play-house is invariably one of the most imposing buildings. Its director is a man of culture and literary instincts, as often as not the author of serious biographical or critical works, and attached to it is a company of competent players. The newspapers concern themselves largely with the theatre. To quote Carlyle again, they 'are bursting with theatricals.' The German dramatic critic is a person of importance. He fears neither the dramatist nor the actor-manager; he has knowledge and experience, he possesses true critical insight, and an independent spirit. He takes himself and his office seriously. After a first-night performance he contents himself with brief observations on the acting and setting of the play, reserving for a day or two detailed criticism of the material of the drama until he has seen it again or has had time to read it, for in nearly every case a new German play is in the booksellers' shops within a day or two of its first performance.<sup>1</sup>

But neither the German people nor the great English critic and exponent of their literature dreamed in 1825 of the vast development of topic that was to take place in their drama, or of the apparently unpromising elements of which the best modern German plays were to be compounded. If we confine our survey

<sup>1</sup> The large demand for these books is significant. At the end of 1900 Hauptmann's *Sunken Bell* (produced 1896) was in its forty-fourth edition, his *Weavers* (produced 1892) in its twenty-sixth. Sudermann's *John the Baptist* (produced 1898) was in its twenty-seventh, and his *Heimat* (produced 1893) in its twenty-sixth.

to plays produced in the last decade, we find that while a few of them, true to precedent, develop with effect romantic themes of perennial beauty and purity, the majority of them illustrate almost every new and notable phase of current life and thought. Materialism, mysticism, asceticism, democratic socialism, and aristocratic individualism, are all in their most recent manifestations accorded dramatic treatment in the German theatre, and, contrary to what we might reasonably expect, these subjects are handled in strict harmony with the essential principles of dramatic art.

The first aim of most of the modern German dramatists is to produce on the spectator the effect of a piece of contemporary life. He eschews everything that tends to hinder the growth of such an illusion. The dialogue has to be before all else natural and simple, it has to suggest or recall unmistakably the everyday talk of more or less everyday people. The conversation must fit the action with the utmost closeness. Without appearance of effort it must reveal the character of the speaker. No word should be bestowed on topics not strictly relevant to the portrayal of the action or character in hand. The elaborated epigrams that do duty for dialogue in the contemporary plays of other countries, the theatrical devices of asides, long speeches and monologues, are unknown to the modern German stage. The presentment is thus made startlingly real. We forget we are watching a play, and almost seem to be witnessing an episode in the lives of some or other of our neighbours. The method has its dangers. The strict suppression of explanatory comment or ornamental surplusage of speech strains the auditor's attention, and in the hands of men of lesser talent the conversation and action lead to abruptness, incoherence, or obscurity, which cannot always be neutralised by the most powerful intellectual effort on the part of the spectator who seeks to follow intelligently the development of the drama. That a playwright who is so good a craftsman as Gerhart Hauptmann is conscious of the defects of the modern method of linguistic economy, is proved by the extreme elaborateness of the stage directions and descriptions of scenes and characters with which he intersperses the printed texts of his plays. Such paraphernalia often fill two octavo pages of small print at the beginning of an act. In one of his plays ground-plans of the scene are prefixed to two of the acts. The furniture, pictures, the positions of the chairs and tables, the sites of the various

doors, the places they lead into, the view from each window, are all minutely described. On the first appearance of a character the accompanying stage directions tell us his age, while such details as the colours of his hair, eyes and complexion, his stature and dress are categorically stated. It is the dramatist's object to express the inner man by the outward aspect, and to make external traits harmonise graphically with internal. The result cannot be uniformly satisfactory. Discrepancies are at times inevitable, and produce the unintended effect of caricature.

The founding of the German Empire in 1870 makes a useful starting-point for the literary movement of modern Germany, although it cannot be said that that event in itself had much effect on any branch of literature. Great as was the enthusiasm of the nation, it produced no poet, novelist, or dramatist of the highest rank. The Schiller Prize, instituted by the Prince Regent of Prussia in 1859, a triennial reward for the best play produced during that period, was not awarded at all from 1869 to 1875, and then was divided between three men, of whom only one, Adolf Wilbrandt, is generally known to-day even in his own country.

The active ruler of the German stage in the decade 1870-80 was Paul Lindau. He was the first dramatist to bring modern society on the German stage, or to endeavour to make the talk of his characters reflect with literalness the everyday conversation proceeding at the moment outside the playhouse. But his work was only to a small extent an indigenous growth. He worked after French originals, and his comedies, lacking the ease and wit of his models, have scarcely kept the stage.

But barren as that period was for German art and literature, signs were already apparent of a coming era of fertility. The operas of Wagner were familiarising people with unconventional manipulations of the German theatre, and the Meiningen troops of actors produced the poetical and historical plays of Ernst von Wildenbruch. Born in 1845, he early won recognition as a poet and novelist—his stories concerning children are among the best we know in any language; but it was not until 1881 that his first play 'Die Karolinger' found representation on the Berlin stage after being performed the same year at Meiningen. It at once established his fame as a dramatist, and proved the advent of a poet far superior in talent to any that had appeared since 1870. But neither the 'Karolinger' nor any of its successors

are historical dramas in the grand style as their author intended. History is so freely dealt with that the historical atmosphere evaporates. Although he can show us the deeds of heroes, Wildenbruch cannot depict the motives of their actions. Thus while he is perhaps the greatest dramatic poet of contemporary Germany, he is not her greatest dramatist. But his burning patriotism, and his ardent desire to paint the apotheosis of the Hohenzollerns, mark a fresh departure in his art, and gave a new impulse to play-writing in Germany. The tragedy of 'Harold,' where the Normans and Saxons closely resemble modern French and Germans, 'Der Mennonit,' and 'Väter und Söhne,' dealing with Prussia in 1807 and 1813 respectively, gave Wildenbruch a fine opportunity to voice aloud his love of his fatherland; all three belong to the year 1882. In 'Das Neue Gebot' (1886) the dramatist first tackles the material centring round King Henry IV. (1050-1106), to which he returned later in 'Heinrich und Heinrichs Geschlecht' (1896). With 'Quitows,' in 1888, Wildenbruch began a series of dramas (others are 'General-feldoberst,' 1889, and 'Der Neue Herr,' 1891) dealing with the history of Brandenburg, which were to be for the German people what Shakespeare's English history plays are for the English. But as Wildenbruch regards history solely from the Hohenzollern standpoint, as, neglecting all sense of justice, he is always on the king's side, always the upholder of law, order, and imperialism in a degree that shall satisfy the most exacting 'Junker' audience, the dramatic motive is naturally weakened. His best work in drama is to be found in 'Harold' and 'Väter und Söhne.'

The next decade (1880-90) may perhaps be characterised as a period of storm and stress, but it differs from the years in the eighteenth century which we are accustomed to describe in those terms, in that while the earlier movement was strictly national, the later was to a large extent international. The Deutsche Theatre of Berlin was founded in 1883 under the directorship of Adolf L'Arronge, himself a dramatist, and in a way, by the kind and quality of his work, a forerunner of Sudermann. For it was L'Arronge who in his 'Hasemann's Töchter' (1877) first conceived the idea of putting in juxtaposition on the stage the wealthy inhabitants of the *Vorderhaus* and the poor dwellers in the *Hinterhaus*, an idea which Sudermann took up, and crystallised for all time in 'Die Ehre,' eighteen years later.

L'Arronge held office until 1889, when he was succeeded by Dr. Otto Brahm, the present director, author of well-known biographies of Schiller and Kleist. He had formerly been president of the 'Freie Bühne,' where Hauptmann's first plays were produced. It was towards the end of the decade 1880-90 that Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann first came into notice.

In his early work Hauptmann was feeling his way, uncertain what to do, and clearly influenced by Ibsen. But even then—and it was to become later more sharply defined—there was a marked difference in the two dramatists' outlook on human life. Ibsen divides the world into two classes: the soaring idealists who lack clear perception of common human needs and limitations, and the people who are dull, conventional, stupid, and narrow-minded. He is unable to recognise the value of that pure goodness of heart which often outweighs highly developed intellect. Amid the gloom that mostly envelops Hauptmann's subjects and characters, his firm belief in the efficacy of purity and innocence, in the love that is stronger than death, is never absent, and he is free from the cryptic symbolism that in the later plays too frequently obscures Ibsen's meaning.

Between 1889 and the present date Hauptmann has written thirteen plays. They serve well to illustrate some of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern German drama, its remarkable variety of topic, and its desire to deal with everyday occurrences where nothing happens that is out of the ordinary. In many of the plays the characters are in a condition of things out of which they try to get. But as a rule the chains are too strong, and the attempt at salvation brings about the catastrophe. In 'Before Sunrise' (1889) we have a social drama of the type of Zola's 'L'Assommoir,' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' a drama in which heredity and drunkenness are the main themes. In 'The Coming of Peace,' designated by Hauptmann himself as a domestic catastrophe, the dramatist presents the evil consequences to the children born of it, of a loveless, unsympathetic marriage. The drama entitled 'Lonely Lives' (1891) is placed by the author in the hands of those who live them, and portrays how the loneliness of heart and soul, which is the lot of so many human beings, may in weak natures lead to overwhelming disaster. The craving for sympathy in our ideals and our work is entirely human and natural, but it is surely a sign of weakness to allow our whole



happiness and our conduct to be dependent on finding it. The play is a gentle satire on the clashing of the practical with the ideal, a condition under which so many lives are spent. The dramatist makes here no attempt to present heroic types of character; his personages are the men and women of our everyday acquaintance. In order to enter into the spirit of such a play it must be remembered that Englishmen will make the best of difficulties in domestic life that Germans will not endure.

After 1890 Hauptmann became surer of himself and of his powers, and began to deal with themes of larger interest than the relations between parent and child or husband and wife. In the 'Weavers' (1892) we have the people for hero. It is a *Volksdrama* in the grand style, and at the time of its production in Berlin political capital was made out of it. The Emperor forbade officers of the army and all government officials to enter the doors of the Deutsche Theatre on the nights on which the 'Weavers' was performed. But Hauptmann denied any political intention, and declared that he wrote the play simply because he had lived among that class of people and knew them. 'My grandfather was a weaver; and I learned from my father the story of the misery that stalked through the Silesian mountains in 1844. To teach avaricious employers to deal humanely with their employees never entered my head. Any such interest which attaches to my play is secondary to the dramatic impulse under which I wrote it.' There is no plot properly so called; only a series of scenes illustrating poverty and hunger. In 'Florian Geyer' (1895), Hauptmann again dealt with the struggle against oppression, this time under the guise of the Peasant War of 1525. But the play with its sixty-one speaking parts and its lack of clearness was not a success.

In 'Hannele' (1893), a most original conception, Hauptmann shows the evil effects of ignorance and superstition and brutality in the lives of the poor. The dramatist has attempted first to idealise a dying child's dream, and then to make it palpable and visible on the stage. A girl of fourteen, ill-used by her father, takes refuge in such religion as has been taught her by sisters of mercy, and mingles with it fairy tales and country superstitions, which linger in every mountain or forest village in Germany. She places her dead mother in a beautiful heaven of her own creation, and to attain herself to so blessed a spot throws herself into the village pond, is dragged out to die in the poorhouse, of a



fever brought on by her own act. Hauptmann has plucked the heart out of dreams. The child's literal acceptance of the marvellous, her mingling of the personality of Jesus with her school-master, the only human being whom she loved, will be recognised as perfectly comprehensible and natural by those who have thought about or much experienced dreams. The whole forms a work of art, unconventional indeed, but thoroughly consistent, natural, and original.

The theme of 'The Sunken Bell' (1896) is the difficulty of reconciling the highest aspirations of the artist with the common duties of human life. It takes the form of a fairy drama in most melodious verse and shows a fresh development in Hauptmann's genius. It possesses that artistic unity which is a testimony to the dramatist's progress in his art, and proves that the strain of idealism and romantic reverie is still living and vigorous, despite the 'realism without fig-leaves' of much of the contemporary German drama. The mountain forest, with the warm, rich animation of nature, forms the background for a hero to whom in the solitudes of the mountains come great thoughts. His chief desire is to found a new religion—that of the happiness of the world. He suffers death in the attempt to attain his ideal. The play had an enormous success, only to be compared with that of Sudermann's 'Ehre,' Wildenbruch's 'König Heinrich,' and Fulda's 'Talisman.'

'Fuhrmann Henschel' (1898) is in many ways Hauptmann's most finished production, and the fourth act is probably the strongest piece of dramatic writing of the present era. It is a grim episode from real life, the tragedy of a broken promise where the promise-breaker goes to his doom as swiftly and surely as a hero of the old Greek drama. Henschel promises his dying wife not to marry their servant Hanne. But, coarse and brutal as she is, Hanne is not without physical attraction, and when Henschel begins to feel the need of a woman to look after his house, he makes Hanne his wife. She cared nothing at all for him, and accepted him merely to further her own illicit pleasures. She neglects her husband's interests, estranges his friends, and deceives him with the first comer. At last Henschel's eyes are opened. Hanne makes no attempt at concealment or evasion, and surveys the situation with brazen contempt. Henschel imagines himself pursued by his broken promise as by an avenging fury, and finally puts an end to his life.

In 'Michael Kramer,' Hauptmann again shows himself in a

somewhat new light. He is here not only the keen observer of human nature, the skilful prober of the human heart, but he is the proclaimer of the higher truths concerning man's destiny. The material for the drama is poor, and the composition is full of technical faults which caused the Berlin public to give it a doubtful reception, but as lofty imaginative literature, as the heart cry of the idealist in all ages, in all lands, the play stands far above anything Hauptmann has yet produced. Michael Kramer and his son Arnold are painters. Arnold possesses the spark of genius lacking to his father, but he is unable to overcome certain mental and physical defects, he is without strength of mind or will. This the father knows, and the main interest of the drama is furnished by his struggle against his son's weakness and depravity, a struggle only ended by Arnold's suicide. Death becomes the great mediator and reconciler, who teaches man to understand life, and the fourth act is a magnificent elegy over the dead man and his wasted existence. Some think that the play is to be regarded as a personal confession, others consider it a token of that restlessness of modern life so fatal to art. We cannot undertake to decide.

'Der Rote Hahn' (1900), Hauptmann's latest play, a tragic-comedy in four acts, bears a close relation to the 'Biberpelz,' a thieves' comedy of a most amusing character, written in 1893. Some of the personages of the 'Biberpelz' reappear in 'Der Rote Hahn.' We have von Wehrhahn, the deputy-commissioner (*Amtsvorsteher*), Glasenapp, his secretary, Frau Wolff, the wicked, hypocritical washerwoman, who in the interval between the two plays has lost her husband, the ship's carpenter, and has married the shoemaker and police spy, Fielitz; and Leontine, her daughter by her first husband. Both plays satirise the official who shuts his eyes to the guilt of any one who is in the pay of the police. The man who in any capacity stands within the sacred gate of 'officialdom' can do no wrong. And the hero of 'Der Rote Hahn,' who sets fire to his own house, not only has that qualification but is also an avowed anti-socialist. The deputy-commissioner, therefore, while making a show of justice, assists the incendiary to escape the consequences of his crime, and fastens it on a poor wretch unable to defend himself or prove his innocence. The third act, which represents the official inquiry into the causes of the fire, and in which the depravity of all the parties concerned, judges, accusers, and accused, makes the irony of the situation

for the spectator, is perhaps the most amusing and dramatic. The interest is, however, too local for the play to find favour beyond Germany, and the prevalence of the Berlin dialect makes it difficult of comprehension for the uninitiated. But it forms a typical description of bureaucratic life in a small Prussian village, and the characterisation and dialogue are absolutely true and natural. Both these plays of low life illustrate how widely the German dramatist of to-day spreads his net.

Hauptmann, like all great dramatists, attempts, it will be seen, no solution of the problems he sets before us. He recognises no poetical justice, events are not nicely rounded off to suit stage or human conventions, but turn out sadly or happily as they might in real life.

Perhaps Hermann Sudermann's chief claims to greatness as a dramatist are his mastery of stage-craft and his rare insight into the characters of women. He is, too, a keen observer and possesses the sympathetic imagination that reveals to him, for instance, exactly how the mind of the small artisan works without the rose-coloured spectacles of socialism, and without an undue or unnecessary depreciation of the aristocrat. The same quality is seen in his portrayal of women. The heroines of his dramas are mostly closely related; they are all at war with circumstances, they are all individualists. Lenore in 'Die Ehre'<sup>1</sup> rebels against the false ideas of honour—the substitute for duty—current in her parents' house and circle. Magda in 'Heimat,' the best of Sudermann's plays in point of view of dramatic power and movement, breaks through tradition and carves out for herself a great and prosperous career as a singer. Elisabeth in 'Glück im Winkel' suffers from the misery of a loveless marriage on her side, escape from which would mean her dishonour; so in response to her husband's nobility of character, that is, as it were, only revealed to her by an accident, she submits to circumstances. 'Johannisfeuer' (1900) presents the problem of the eternal conflict between happiness and duty. No solution is offered, but three persons will certainly be miserable; whether neglect of duty would have brought happiness to two of them no one can say. In his latest play, 'Es lebe das Leben!' (Long live Life!), produced in February last, a woman is once more the dominating figure. Married to an insignificant personage, though a nobleman

<sup>1</sup> Sudermann's first play, produced in 1889 at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, under the directorship of Dr. Oscar Blumenthal.

in rank, Beate has a lover, a Baron Völkerling, a friend of her husband, and a man of intelligence. When he becomes Conservative candidate for the Reichstag, a Socialist agitator publicly accuses him of his misdeeds, and the Countess, fearing his suicide, confesses her fault of fifteen years ago, at the same time making it her glory that she had only yielded to the dictates of her higher nature. But Völkerling does not share her views and determines on suicide. Beate sees that only her death, apparently from natural causes, can save him, and this she compasses, falling dead at a banquet in the act of drinking to the toast, 'Long live Life!' The exposition is rather too long, but the last two acts are as excellent as anything Sudermann has written.

Ludwig Fulda possesses the gift of melodious verse, he has wit and humour, gentle satire, and the German sense of pure romance. The two plays that illustrate his best manner are 'The Talisman' (1892), of which Mr. Tree presented an English version at the Haymarket in 1894, and 'The Twin Sisters,' produced in Berlin last year. The former, a dramatic fairy tale, based on Andersen's story of the Emperor's new clothes, is a distinct addition to European literature. The latter is the story of a Paduan lady of the time of the Renaissance, who has reason to doubt her husband's fidelity. In order to test him she personates her twin sister, and so teaches the erring husband a salutary lesson. The idea is by no means a novel one, but the play is admirably constructed, the interest grows as the action progresses, the verse is smooth, and the language full of charm.<sup>1</sup>

It would be easy to mention a dozen dramatists besides whose work calls for notice. But as the space at our command renders it impossible to treat them individually, it will be best to illustrate further from their plays the wide variety of subject that appeals to the German playwright of to-day.

A large portion of contemporary German literature concerns itself with the so-called 'woman question.' Women authors write pamphlets, or novels and plays, which are at bottom treatises on the relations of the sexes, and on the position of women in modern society, and men writers draw portraits of modern women that are sometimes satirical, sometimes sympa-

<sup>1</sup> An English version, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, was lately performed at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, but the translation scarcely reproduces the literary charm of the original verse.

thetic. The note of Hartleben's comedies, 'Hanna Jagert' and 'Erziehung zur Ehe,' for instance, is 'Despise Women,' while Georg Hirschfeld, a disciple of Hauptmann, in his plays 'Mütter' and 'Agnes Jordan,' represents women who are strong and wise in adverse circumstances, mothers who are capable of every sacrifice for the sake of their children, and who find happiness in such sacrifice. The type of course is not new, but the setting is. But sometimes the self-reliant, independent woman, who thinks for herself and cultivates her mind, is mercilessly caricatured, or represented as hard, unlovely, even bad. Fulda in 'Kameraden' draws an unpleasing picture of such a woman, although it must be confessed that the satire is delicate and fine, and the situations humorous. Hella, in Max Halbe's 'Mutter-Erde,' is a well-drawn, consistent figure, but though clever and intelligent, she cultivates her reason at the expense of her emotions and her senses, and thus produces an unnatural and disagreeable effect. In 'Die Heimatlosen' (1899) Halbe brings out the pathetic side of the life of the woman of mediocre talent who is forced to earn a living, and the evil influence of independence, acquired as it were by force, on weaker natures.

It is not often that women achieve success in what is perhaps the most difficult form of literature—the drama, but that they have done so in Germany is indisputable. The best of the plays produced by Clara Viebig, the novelist, is 'Barbara Holzer' (1897), a veritable *Volksstück* in which the characters are all drawn from the people. In plot and dialogue it is enormously powerful work. The central figure, a servant girl, strong of body and of will, passionate for love and hate, who for the sake of her child murders her faithless lover, stands out clear cut and convincing. The heroine of Anna Croissant-Rust's play, 'Bua,' is a notable figure. She is a childless peasant woman who adopts a boy. The lad turns out ungrateful, and ill-treats and despises his foster-mother. She forgives him in her great mother-love, but is in the end murdered by him. And in dying, to save him, she denies his crime. The heroine of 'Der Standhafte Zinnsoldat' is a young poetess who marries a man threatened with permanent blindness. When the worst happens she finds herself unable to keep her promise to go with her husband into everlasting darkness, and leaves him to travel there alone. She had discovered her artistic gift, and the love of life and light is

strong within her. Perhaps the most characteristic piece of work in drama done by a woman is Ernst Rosmer's '*Dämmerung*' (1893). The authoress is best known in this country as the composer of the libretti for her brother's operas '*Hansel and Gretel*,' and '*The Children of the King*.' The play, extraordinarily simple, is something on the lines of Ibsen's work. The scene is the same through all the five acts, and there are only four characters of importance. Of these the most striking and interesting is Sabine, the woman doctor. In her we have so far the only instance on the stage of the educated, trained woman, the successful hard-worker in her profession, represented as a character of ordinary life, for the play is without tendency or purpose. Lisbeth Weigel, the woman doctor, in Max Dreyer's comedy, '*In Behandlung*,' only succeeds in overcoming prejudice and obtaining a practice by forming a platonic marriage with a man doctor; while she stands alone she is persecuted on all sides and fails. But Sabine stands alone and succeeds. Everything she says and does is calculated to heighten her character in the eyes of the spectators. She was at the commencement poor, so poor, that besides bread she had little to eat. When Isolde, her girl patient, asks, 'What did you do then? You wept, I suppose,' and Sabine answers, 'No, I worked,' Isolde looks at her as at some wild animal. Although Sabine is twenty-eight, she shows no perturbation at being still single. Isolde concludes that she must be the victim of an unhappy love affair. But Sabine assures her that such is not the case: 'when you have to work as hard as I do, you've no time for unhappy love affairs.' Isolde's father, Ritter, a widower, falls in love with Sabine, and wishes to make her his wife. Isolde's jealousy is, however, so great, that the lovers feel there is nothing for it but to part, and they make the great renunciation. The character of Ritter is well drawn and forms the complement to that of Sabine. Constant attendance in his daughter's sick-room has compelled him to put aside his own wishes and desires, just as Sabine's hard work and poverty have compelled her to forget herself and the needs of her own heart.

It is worthy of remark that the woman who makes her own career is practically ignored as material by English dramatists and novelists. We can point to no such figure of any distinction in our novels and plays. In France the novelists at least recognise the capabilities of such characters. The heroine of J. H. Rosny's '*L'Indomptée*,' for instance, is a woman doctor, a fine character,

finely drawn. She is represented as a woman of noble aims, using her knowledge for good, preserving her womanliness amid the unpleasant scenes to which duty calls her, her acquaintance with evil helping to keep her from harm. She is strong, but possesses at the same time the hopes and aspirations of every true woman towards love, marriage, and motherhood. It is a most dignified picture of the professional woman, full of enthusiasm for her calling, and the only one we can call to mind in imaginative literature worthy of a place beside Ernst Rosmer's Sabine.

At first sight educational methods and school life scarcely seem likely subjects on which to base a successful play. But Max Dreyer's 'Probekandidat' (1900) proves that it is not the material that is important, but the manner in which it is treated. In modern times intolerance makes itself felt in ways unknown to former ages, and it must be said in ways that are fully as cruel and as destructive of progress as those of a former day. In Dreyer's play Fritz Heitmann, a young and enthusiastic schoolmaster on his probation in a Realschule, is as much a veritable martyr to his belief. In the natural science lessons Heitmann says things that do not correspond with the divinity lessons. This comes to the ears of the principal and the committee, and alarmed for orthodoxy, they call on the young man to recant in the presence of his class, or to resign his post and with it, of course, all chance of promotion in his profession. Urged by his family, who are more or less dependent on him, by his fiancée, a girl absolutely unable to understand him, by his colleagues, who, while they sympathise with his ideas, take the practical view of the situation, he decides for recantation. But at the crucial moment he finds it impossible not to be true to himself.

Wer die Wahrheit kennt und sagt die nicht,  
Der ist fürwahr ein erbärmlicher Wicht.

The grief of his pupils at losing him brings him perhaps some small consolation, but he has to seek another love, and a land where toleration is a reality and not a fiction.

Likewise, military life finds its dramatic exponents. 'Rosenmontag,' by Otto Erich Hartleben, is an excellent play of its kind. It is well built up, and the various elements, tender and comic, pathetic and ironical, passionate and witty, are admirably contrasted. Perhaps the officers' comedy—that is the humorous barrack scenes—give more satisfaction than the officers' tragedy



(as the play is described), though the relations between the unfortunate lovers are portrayed with tender pathos. To the horror of his nobly-born comrades Hans Rudorff, a young lieutenant, falls seriously in love with Gertrud Reimann, the daughter of a respectable artisan. By a trick Hans is made to believe that Gertrud is untrue to him; he breaks with her, and after a bad illness becomes engaged to a girl of his own rank. Then his friends reveal the plot, and the tragedy lies in the fact that Hans has given his word of honour to his colonel never again to have anything to do with Gertrud. Knowing her to be pure and true, Hans cannot give her up. According to his code there is nothing left but suicide, a fate Gertrud elects to share with him. We do not claim it as a great play, but it is highly dramatic, brilliant in the details, and very characteristic of German military life.

Notwithstanding the array of native talent, the German theatre offers a warm welcome to foreigners. The latest plays—capitally translated into German—of Ibsen, Björnson, Tolstoy, Rostand, Donnay, Hervieu, Pinero, Heyermans, are found in the repertory of most of the leading playhouses, while on an average nearly three Shakespearean representations a day are given in the German-speaking districts of Europe. Neither are the German classics neglected. The casual visitor, spending a week in Berlin, could if he wished see in that time plays by Schiller, Goethe, Kleist, Grillparzer, Kotzebue, and Freytag.

A recent critic has proclaimed that analysis of motive, not ideal representation of action, is the first principle of contemporary dramatic composition, and for this reason: as civilisation progresses and the idea of liberty obtains, a self-consciousness is developed in the individual which is antagonistic to the universal, that is, to art, the best art being a fusion of the universal and the individual. In accordance with that dictum, we have to admit that there is nothing in the German drama of to-day that reaches the high-water mark of great literature. But there is in all the work we have attempted to describe a very real striving towards the highest. 'We are nothing, what we desire to be is everything,' wrote Hölderlin. The German playwright does not, it is evident, pander to the taste or the want of taste of an ignorant public who, according to Mr. Bernard Shaw, are 'without power of attention, without interests, without sympathy, in short, without brains or heart.' Perhaps the distinguishing feature of contemporary German drama is that welded with its solid realism,



and its clever analysis of motive, is a sense of the ideal, of the romantic, that is peculiarly an attribute of the German temperament. Not the hardest and most prosaic facts of every-day life, not all the misery of all the world can crush the romance that lurks in every German heart. It may be that the spirit of lyrical poetry, now said to be dead in Germany, has passed into the newer forms of novel and play, and in so doing justifies the German custom of calling novelists and dramatists, as well as poets, by the common term of *Dichter*.

ELIZABETH LEE.

*STANS PUER AD MENSAM.**A POEM OF TABLE MANNERS.*

ATTEND my words, my gentle knave,  
 And you shall learn from me  
 How boys at dinner may behave  
 With due propriety.

Guard well your hands: two things have been  
 Unfitly used by some;  
 The trencher for a tambourine,  
 The table for a drum.

We could not lead a pleasant life,  
 And 'twould be finished soon,  
 If peas were eaten with the knife,  
 And gravy with the spoon.

Eat slowly: only men in rags  
 And gluttons old in sin  
 Mistake themselves for carpet bags  
 And tumble victuals in.

The privy pinch, the whispered tease,  
 The wild, unseemly yell—  
 When children do such things as these,  
 We say, 'It is not well.'

Endure your mother's timely stare,  
 Your father's righteous ire,  
 And do not wriggle on your chair,  
 Like flannel in the fire.

Be silent : you may chatter loud  
When you are fully grown,  
Surrounded by a silent crowd  
Of children of your own.

If you should suddenly feel bored  
And much inclined to yawning,  
Your little hand will best afford  
A modest, useful awning.

Think highly of the cat ; and yet  
You need not therefore think  
That portly strangers like your pet  
To share their meat and drink.

The end of dinner comes ere long,  
When, once more full and free,  
You cheerfully may bide the gong  
That calls you to your tea.

WALTER RALEIGH.

## A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK

## XVII.

WHEN I was describing the Church Congress at Brighton, I avowed a keen interest in Clerical Zoology. Just now I am 'specialising,' as educationists say, in that agreeable science. I have forsaken the wider fields of Genera and Species, and concentrate my attention on a particularly fine Specimen. Ever since the foggy night in March when Jack Bumpstead, to use his own phrase, 'got it off his chest,' a livelier iris has changed upon that burnished dove; or, to drop the Tennysonian metaphor, there has been a remarkable alteration in our curate's personal appearance since he was engaged to Bertha. His hair, which aforesaid looked as if he had been dragged through a quickset hedge backwards, is now carefully parted and smoothly brushed, while a faint odour of lime-juice glycerine pervades the 'boudoir' in which he spends most of his time. His hands, which were a little unfinished and more than a little red, have, I fancy, been submitted to a process of manicure, and are thrust, all unwilling, into *gants de suède*. He has discarded the greased shooting-boots in which he used to perform his pastoral rounds, in favour of buttoned elegancies from the Burlington Arcade; and I have even heard rumours of possible developments in the way of patent leather. The shapeless jacket in which he formerly delighted is now reserved for parochial visitation. When he comes to see Bertha he wears a well-cut frock coat with braided edgings. From his watch-chain—no longer silvern, but golden—there hangs a large locket containing Bertha's photograph. The whole edifice is crowned by a 'topper' of unusual brilliancy, and a neatly-folded umbrella with a hooked handle of bamboo completes the transformation.

Surveying these outward signs of the soft passion, Selina, who never does things by halves, proclaims that Jack looks, as he always did, like a thorough gentleman, and that for her own part she cannot conceive what anyone can see to admire in a namby-pamby barber's-block—by which injurious phrase I understand her to indicate her former idol, Mr. Soulsby. That divine, himself scrupulous in all matters of attire, murmurs approval of

Bumpstead's altered appearance. 'The interior man was always a gem of the purest ray ; but the casket needed a little polishing.'

The Fishers in Deep Waters, however, incline to a different view ; and one or two of them, who have toiled for a considerable period and caught nothing, are disposed to resent our Bertha's easy victory, and declare that they always thought there was a rather worldly side to Mr. Bumpstead's character, and that he is now most suitably matched. But, after all, Bertha is the person principally concerned, and she is in a condition of radiant contentment. She has presented Jack with a silver cigarette-case and a sumptuously-bound copy of 'The Road-Mender.' They have just gone off together to the Academy, and have arranged with Selina and me to meet them for luncheon at the Carlton. A bunch of lilies of the valley in Jack's button-hole elicited some jocose comment from those of us who remember his studied disregard of appearances this time last year ; but to all such obvious banter he replies, with genial equanimity, that when a chap's got to take his girl out, he's bound to tog himself up a bit.

It will be inferred from the foregoing particulars of our young friend's development that the course of true love is running smoother than it ran six weeks ago. This is so ; and I attribute the improvement, in great measure, to Selina's decisive action at a critical moment. As we saw last month, old Mr. Bumpstead tried conclusions with her, and failed—as many another had failed on many a previous occasion. As I contemplated his discomfiture, Matthew Arnold's lines rose unbidden to my lips :

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?  
Better men fared thus before thee ;  
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,  
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

It needed only the substitution of 'She' for 'They,' to make the analogy perfect.

In his conversation with us about the engagement, old Bumpstead 'fired his ringing shot' at Absurdity and Impossibility, stipends and settlements ; and 'hotly charged' against the idea that he was to support a daughter-in-law as well as a son. But Selina was fully equal to the assault, and the grand old warrior 'sank at last.' If only he had consulted me beforehand I could have told him what would happen. He now uses a very different tone ; says that it's natural enough for young people to fall in love ; that certainly Jack has been uncommonly fortunate in finding

such a girl as Bertha; that a father must, if necessary, even pinch himself a little in order to make things possible; and that he could not bear the feeling that his son had any reason to wish him out of the way.

This chastened note is as music in the ears of Selina, who never spares a conquered foe. 'Absurd old creature!' she exclaims. 'I thought he would come to his senses before long. I really believe he thought he could intimidate me with those great spectacles and that shining head. As if I was going to let dear little Bertha's life be ruined to please an old goose like that! It was nothing in the world but stinginess, and I hope I let him see that I saw through him. Talking of his daughters' fortunes, indeed! As if anyone didn't know perfectly well that he has always been horrid to those poor girls, and would never leave them a penny more than he is obliged to! And then his impudence in talking about a second marriage! Really, the vanity of these old creatures is more disgusting than their stinginess. But, all the same, my dear Robert, *you* needn't give yourself any credit. I firmly believe you would have let yourself be crowed over by that old goose, and talked into sacrificing Bertha, if I hadn't been there to keep you up to the mark. You have no more courage than a mouse, although you are such a size. It's I who always have to do the fighting.'

It is bare justice to say that no lady of my acquaintance is better qualified for that particular function than my Selina, for whom life without controversy would have lost its savour. But the triumph of having subdued old Mr. Bumpstead does not account for the whole of her present elation: some part of it, I am persuaded, has its source in remoter memories. Mentally she is fighting all her battles o'er again, and thrice she routs her foes, and thrice she slays the slain. As she sees Jack Bumpstead figuratively (and not seldom literally) prone at her sister's feet, and glories in the triumph of her tactics, she recalls that long-distant evening at the Loamshire Hunt-Ball, when I 'sate out' with her after supper, and she told old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer that I had proposed and she had accepted me.

Meanwhile I hear of certain transactions (which to my unaccustomed ear have something of a simoniacal sound) between old Mr. Bumpstead and the octogenarian Rector of Fox-Hole Magna; which, with the annexed parish of Fox-Hole Parva and the chapelry of Cubbington, has been, time out of mind, the

Family Living of the Bumpsteads. But on these sacred topics a discreet silence is advisable; and it has been settled that, for the time being at any rate, Jack is to retain the curacy of St. Ursula's, and Bertha to energise, as usual, in her district. They are to be married at the end of July, and, on returning from their honeymoon, are to establish themselves in a 'Bijou Residence,' which Selina has found for them in Lower Stucco Place. As far as I can see, Jack's contribution to the furnishing will consist chiefly of pipe-racks, pewter pots, and framed photographs of college groups and football teams. But Bertha has a very pretty taste in decoration; makes long voyages of discovery to Wardour Street and Brompton Road, and is in constant correspondence with Maple and Liberty. Of course, the *trousseau* engages Selina's closest attention, and it is distinctly understood that dear old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer is to pay for it. In the matter of presents, Selina has refurbished some rather pretty amethysts which were given to her by an aunt in India, and may therefore escape recognition; and I have added an Oriental Zircon—a stone much to be commended to those who wish to combine splendour with economy. The Cashingtons, rightly determined to lead the fashion of Stuccovia, have given a diamond star, and the Bounderleys have followed at a respectful distance with a coral locket. Old Lady Farringford has sent a print of Queen Victoria's coronation in a maple frame, which formerly adorned her back dining-room—not, of course, because it costs her nothing, but because 'You see, my dear, it's so appropriate to the present year.'

Tom Topham-Sawyer, with delicate pleasantry, says: 'I suppose you expect me to fork out a cheque; and all I can say is that, if you do, you'll find yourselves jolly well mistaken. My mother's jointure is quite ridiculous for the size of the property. I don't believe she can spend half of it. The girls' fortunes were settled in the days when land paid. My income isn't half what it was when I succeeded; and Beach, with his blooming Budgets, has pretty well done for me. It's all mighty fine to talk about Income-Tax. Pretty soon it will be all Tax and no Income. So if I can come down with something towards the expense of the Breakfast, that's just about as much as I can manage.'

It will be inferred from this ingenuous allocution that Bertha is to be married at The Sawpits. At first there was some talk of a wedding at St. Ursula's, and it was to have been made an

occasion of high parochial festivity. Mr. Soulsby wrote a new wedding-hymn—or, as he preferred to call it, a 'sacred epithalamium'—which was to have been sung to music composed by Mrs. Soulsby. The Fishers in Deep Waters were to have walked in procession behind the bridesmaids, and the bridegroom was to have been attended by a deputation of grateful shop-assistants, whose teeth he had knocked down their throats at the Parochial Club. All this would have been, to use the Vicar's favourite phrase, 'very teaching'; but Bertha set her face against it with unmistakable determination. The fact is that Mr. Soulsby's matrimonial ministrations are a little at a discount in Stuccovia. His taste in arranging an arch of artificial palms over the chancel gate is unequalled, and his white stole, embroidered with love-knots and arrows, is the envy of all his clerical brethren; but his oratorical instinct sometimes runs away with him, and the extempore harangues which he substitutes for the prescribed discourse about Abraham and Sarah are not always felicitous. Only the other day the Barrington-Bounderleys' eldest girl was married at St. Ursula's to General Padmore—who certainly had one wife in Brompton Cemetery, even if we leave out of account his Indian experiences, of which old Lady Farringford had heard a good deal from her late husband. As this blushing bridegroom rose slowly from his knees, rendered a little stiff

By pangs arthritic that infest the toe  
Of libertine excess,

the undaunted Soulsby opened his discourse: 'Dear brother and sister, you are entering on a new phase of being. Strange and untried experiences lie before you. You will encounter little trials of temper, little demands for daily self-surrender, of which you have hitherto known nothing'; and, after a good deal of maundering eloquence on this infelicitous topic, ended by saying that the knot which he had just tied was tied for ever, and that General and Mrs. Padmore were man and wife to all eternity.

This misplaced rhetoric roused all Selina's ire. 'Did you ever hear such stuff?' she exclaimed as the wedding guests fought their way into the porch. '*Strange and untried experiences*, indeed! Poor Hildegard Bounderley is inexperienced enough, I admit; but it must be forty years if it's an hour since that dreadful old General was first married. And as for all that



nonsense about Eternity, I should like to know what the last Mrs. Padmore thinks of it—let alone the coloured lady in Upper Burmah. Really, Mr. Soulsby might have found out that the bridegroom had been married again and again, and have contented himself with the Prayer Book, which, at any rate, steers clear of these difficulties.'

It probably was the recollection of this oratorical miscarriage which governed Bertha's decision. Anyhow, she said that she must and would be married at home, and that the ceremony should be performed by their dear old Vicar, Mr. Borum, who had christened her and prepared her for Confirmation. To this arrangement Selina, who had been a little apprehensive that Bertha might wish to be married from our house, and might thereby involve us in a good deal of expense, yielded a fervent assent; adding that though, to be sure, poor old Borum mumbled dreadfully, and generally lost his place, still he was infinitely preferable to Mr. Soulsby, whose flummery addresses, all about mystic bonds and eternal unions, had often made her feel quite uncomfortable.

As I write these lines, the chilly blast of May shakes the window-panes, and the 'unwelcome wild North-Easter' penetrates the jerry-built walls of Stucco Square. These cheerful tokens of incipient Summer remind me that we are approaching a season dedicated to national festivity. Even the preparations for Bertha's wedding must relax their intensity till the Coronation is over. During the month of June we shall live in a whirl of patriotic excitement, and the premonitory symptoms are already beginning to make themselves felt. Even the placid pulse of Stuccovia beats more quickly, and the madness stirs all bloods. Old Lady Farringford, who improvidently cut up the train which she wore in 1838 into pelisses for the present Lord Farringford and his brothers, declines to attend the ceremony, but has enriched the Parish Magazine with some 'Recollections of the last Coronation,' which her admirers call 'chatty' and 'chirpy,' and her enemies stigmatise as doddering. Soulsby has conceived a highly spiritual design for the Parochial Dinner to the Poor: the eating and drinking are to be cut down to mixed biscuits and lemonade, and there is to be no tobacco; but each diner is to receive a 'Souvenir Edition of the Coronation Service,' printed on vellum and bound in Royal red.

The Burlington-Bounderleys, who will be in the Abbey, are naturally a little elated. Mrs. Bounderley gives private views of

the gown which she intends to wear, and Bounderley retails conversations with Lord Hugh Cecil about the spiritual significance of the ceremony. 'I said to him, "Hugh, my dear boy, you've put the thing in an entirely new light to me. Your father couldn't have done it better. By the way, I hope there's no truth in this rumour of his retiring directly after the Coronation? Tell him, from me, that if he'll stick to us, we'll stick to him."'

For some time past Selina has been worrying my life out about places for the Procession. She had 'no notion of paying a fortune for the privilege of getting sunstroke on an open stand,' and was bitterly sarcastic at my failure to obtain seats at Boodles'.

'That's you all over, Robert—muddling away all your time in those stupid clubs; and then, when just for once in a lifetime they might be useful, making a mess of the whole thing. You will never persuade me that you couldn't have got the seats if you had been a little sharper. My own belief is that you didn't try.'

'That was the song, the song for me' during the greater part of April and May; but presently the tune was changed by a most opportune intervention.

Young Lady Farringford, whose husband is always fishing when he isn't hunting or shooting and therefore has no house in London, wrote to Selina, and made an unexpected offer. With a magnificence worthy of her father, Solomon Van Oof, who made the corner in canvas-backed ducks, this royal daughter of the great Republic offered to take our modest residence at a hundred pounds a week for the month of June, provided that we left servants in the house, writing-paper in the blotting-books, flowers in the vases, and dinner ordered for 9 sharp. For one moment Selina hesitated. *Budge*, said the Fiend of Cupidity. *Budge not*, said the Conscience of Birth.

'Certainly, it is very disgusting that we should see nothing of the Coronation, and people like Lady Farringford and Mrs. Bounderley should actually be in the Choir. But, as Robert has mismanaged so dreadfully at his clubs, I suppose it can't be helped. And, for my own part, I shall be glad of a little quiet after all the toil of getting Bertha's *trousseau*. So we shall go down to Loamshire, and stay with mamma till the wedding is over. Of course, Bertha will go with us, and Jack will come down as often as mamma will have him. And, after the wedding, there will be visits; and, what with one thing and what with another, I don't suppose we shall be settled here again before the winter.'

And so my fate is fixed. For an indefinite period I am to be exiled from my beloved London, and of necessity the Londoner's Log-Book comes to an end. 'To-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens æquor*.'

With prophetic gaze I look ahead, and see the day of departure, and the luggage-laden cabs standing at our door. Muggins is struggling with Selina's largest trunk, and a little group of neighbours is gathered on the pavement.

*Robert*: 'Good-bye, Soulsby; don't overdo yourself with that Parochial Dinner. Good-bye, Bounderley; let me know if the King nods to you at the Coronation. Good-bye, Jack; I suppose we shall see you down at The Sawpits before very long. Good-bye, everybody.'

*Selina*: 'Do get in, Robert. I'm sure you have said good-bye often enough. We're not going to the North Pole. I know we shall be late. How tiresome you are! and what an age Muggins takes to get that trunk up! Robert, if you don't get in I shall certainly go on without you. Euston Station, cabman, and please drive as fast as you can. ROBERT, GET IN!'

[THE END.]

### IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

'THE editor is one of the happiest beggars in the world,' wrote the American schoolboy in his essay on newspapers. 'He can go to the circus in the afternoon and evening without paying a cent, also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to the theatre, and gets wedding-cake sent to him, and sometimes gets licked, but not often. While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up every night and see all that is going on.'

In this country not even the schoolboy—to whom, as a rule, no institution is sacred—has yet reached the stage of writing or speaking of the conductors of the great morning newspapers in terms of such freedom and familiarity. The newspaper editor is still to a great extent a man of mystery to the general public; and with regard to the editorial room, known in common talk as 'the sanctum,' it is rarely that the curtain which veils its secrets to the vulgar gaze is lifted.

Charles Lamb, in his essay 'Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago,' gives us a passing glimpse of the editorial room of the 'Morning Post' at the opening of the nineteenth century—that paper to which he used to contribute daily a number of witty paragraphs, not to exceed seven lines each, at sixpence a joke. It was a handsome apartment, we are told, with rosewood desks and inkstands of silver. Close on half a century later, in January 1846, the 'Daily News,' with Charles Dickens as editor, made its appearance on an unprecedented scale of magnificence. The editorial room was luxuriously furnished. The desks were of rosewood and the inkstands of silver. The books of reference were bound in Russia leather, with gilt edges. Letters addressed to the editor were presented to the great man upon silver salvers by attendants in gorgeous liveries.

A totally different spectacle was exhibited in the editorial room of the 'Morning Chronicle' at the time it was edited by John Black and Dickens was a member of its reporting staff. Black, blunt and bluff and thick-set, more like a farmer than a journalist, had an insuperable objection to his room in the 'Morning Chronicle' office being kept tidy. The place was always in supreme confusion. Books upon books and papers

upon papers were strewn, dust laden, about the floor. Henry Hunt was once asked, in cross-examination in a libel case against the 'Morning Chronicle,' whether he had ever been in Mr. Black's room. 'Yes,' said Hunt. 'And how was the editorial sanctum furnished? Splendidly?' asked the counsel. 'I can hardly say that it was,' replied Hunt. 'Can you give the jury some idea of the interior? What do you suppose would have been the value of the furniture?' said the counsel. 'I should not think the whole of the furniture, if sold at an auction, would have fetched more than sevenpence-halfpenny,' was the answer. 'Are you serious, sir?' asked the counsel. 'Remember you are on your oath, sir.' 'I do remember that,' replied Hunt; 'and, remembering it, I hope I have not put too extravagant a price upon the furniture.' 'Then please to explain, sir,' said the counsel, 'how you arrive at the conclusion that the whole of the furniture in the editorial sanctum of the "Morning Chronicle" is not worth more than sevenpence-halfpenny.' 'Why,' said Hunt, amid the laughter of the court, 'there was no furniture at all in the room, except a table and two chairs; and while the table would not have fetched sixpence, no one would have given more than three-halfpence at the utmost for the two chairs together.'

The editorial room of the present day is in its appointments a happy mean between the silver inkstands and the liveried attendants of Dickens's apartment in the 'Daily News' office and the dust and disorder of Black's dingy room at the 'Morning Chronicle.' There is a carpet on the floor, and a couple of maps hang from the walls. The furniture generally consists of a bookcase, with works of reference, a lounge, a couple of easy chairs, and a long and broad writing table. There are newspapers and books on the floor; the table is strewn with documents of all kinds—letters, proofs, pamphlets; and that plain, severe office chair, lined with leather, at the table, is the simple throne of the great man who conducts that marvellous hive of literary and commercial industry, the morning newspaper—the editorial chair from which are hurled those thunderbolts, in the shape of leading articles, which sometimes startle the country with their reverberations, and, to say the least, give to hundreds of thousands of people ideas and opinions, ready made, about the public questions and events of the day.

Not that the editor himself composes the leading articles. He writes very little, if any, of the matter which fills the sixty

or eighty columns of the newspaper. As the director of the opinions of the journal he decides the subjects of the articles and lays down the general principles and arguments which are to be enunciated and enforced; but the actual composition of these disquisitions and fulminations, representing, as the editorial 'we' indicates, the collective wisdom of the newspaper, is the work of the leader writers—three or four men of wide information and broad common-sense, with the gift of easy and forcible writing, who are at the service of the editor. Indeed, the editor spends most of his time reading—sifting the raw material from which the newspaper is ultimately composed: the articles, the reports, the paragraphs, the communications, tragic and comic, momentous and trivial, which pour into the office from every quarter.

And the editor's post-bag! What a strange medley are its contents! What a light they throw on poor human nature—its simplicity, its fatuity, its sterling, honest qualities of disinterested friendship and devotion; but, alas! more often the spite, the vanity, and the rage for advertisement of this age! Perhaps half the communications received by the editor of every newspaper, from the smallest local 'weekly' to the most influential metropolitan 'daily,' are of the nature of masked advertisements or personal 'puffs' of one kind or another; and a goodly portion of the remainder are attempts by anonymous traducers to get into the newspaper statements to injure or annoy somebody who has offended them, perhaps unconsciously, or against whom, for some unaccountable reason, they cherish a grudge.

A rather cruel joke was played on one of these notoriety hunters by a newspaper published at a well-known fashionable resort. The object of the joke was a rather obscure Member of Parliament who was spending his honeymoon at the place. One night he called upon the editor of the local newspaper. 'Couldn't you,' he said, 'put in the paper that I am at the — Hotel with my bride, and just fling in something about my being a prominent politician? I don't care anything about this sort of thing myself, but you know how the women like it. I want fifty copies of the paper sent to this address.' He laid down half a sovereign, said 'Good-night,' and vanished.

Next morning he read:

'Mr. John H——, M.P., requests us to say that he is at the — Hotel with his bride; that he is a prominent politician; and that he himself, personally, cares nothing for newspaper

notoriety, but that a society note would be highly gratifying to Mrs. H——. He added that he wanted fifty copies of the paper, for which he paid, to distribute among his constituents.'

Ridicule is sometimes heaped upon what are called the pretensions of the Press. No wonder the Press should think highly of itself, so great is the adulation it receives from the average man; still, it will be found that its pontifical assumptions are individual rather than corporate. A newspaper may set itself up as impeccable, infallible, omniscient—a thing that cannot possibly do wrong—and yet regard its contemporaries, and its rivals especially, as everything they ought not to be. 'We do not call the "Recorder" a liar,' said the 'Gazette,' with a fine assumption of the courtesies of controversy, 'but we declare it is a butcher of truth and an assassin of facts.' It is, in truth, the editor who confers infallibility upon the newspaper whose destinies he controls.

Not long ago a provincial journal, reporting the sermon of a bishop in an out-of-the-way church of his diocese, represented the prelate as having said, 'I will not preach again in this d——d old building unless the churchwardens see to the repairs.' The bishop wrote to the newspaper indignantly declaring that the word he had used was 'damp,' not 'd——d.' The letter was published, but with the following 'editorial note':

'Of course we accept his lordship's explanation, but we have, notwithstanding, the greatest confidence in the accuracy of our reporter.'

An American newspaper once announced that a notorious thief, well known locally, had been lynched for horse stealing. The man called at the office, sound in wind and limb, and demanded a withdrawal of the unfounded statement. 'We cannot retract,' said the editor; 'we never do.' 'But the "Mail," which published a similar report, has withdrawn it,' said the man. 'That may be,' replied the editor. 'The report appearing in the "Mail" was, no doubt, without foundation; but our news is always true. However, we don't mind saying in the next issue that the rope broke, and that you escaped with a slight contusion.' If a story told in journalistic circles be well founded, a somewhat similar incident occurred in London. One day a gentleman called at the office of a well-known newspaper, and said to the editor, a famous man in his time: 'Sir, it is announced in your paper that I am dead.' 'Well,' replied the editor, 'if it is in our paper it is



correct.' 'It is not correct, for here I am alive,' rejoined the other. 'Well, it can't be helped,' said the editor. 'But I expect you to contradict it,' said the gentleman. 'No, I cannot do that,' said the editor, 'as we never contradict anything that appears in our paper. I will do the only thing I can do to bring you to life again! To-morrow I will put you in the list of births.'

But the power of the Press was never asserted with such sublime yet unconscious audacity, perhaps, as in the following paragraph taken from a Scottish journal :

'We don't wish to brag, but duty impels us to allude to the historic fact that within an hour after our appeal for rain was published yesterday afternoon people had to raise their umbrellas. The public can draw its own conclusions.'

It is only in the comic papers that we hear of 'the fighting editor' nowadays, in this country. He is paraded as a warning to such disturbers of the editorial peace as the young poet with the velvet jacket and long hair and the interminable epic, the irate prose contributor whose effusions have been rejected for the hundredth time; the troublesome correspondent who, failing to have rectified a statement published concerning him, threatens to 'call at the office'; and other ridiculous persons with supposed grievances against the newspaper. In some of the outlying settlements in America it is still the custom to keep a fighting man in the newspaper office to interview objectionable visitors. And a very useful member of the editorial staff he is at times, for

When all talk is spent,  
A six-shooter has he, and a sharp bowie,  
To point his argument.

The 'fighting editor' was an indispensable institution in France in the days of the Empire under Napoleon III. In 1851 a law was passed by the French Chamber enacting that all articles published in political newspapers should bear signatures. Its object was to curb the free expression of opinion in the Press. Its effect was to call into existence a curious sort of employment for poor men of courage and determination—for the most part retired soldiers—who, by having their names printed at the foot of the respective newspapers they served, accepted all responsibility for the political opinions therein expressed, and did much for the freedom of the Press by enabling editors to hold up a man of straw to the buffets of Press censorship, and oppose a professed duellist to any bellicose individual who might desire to 'pink' or make a



target of any writer on the staff. If summoned before the Tribunal Correctionnel for an objectionable article, the 'fighting editor' had to accept all responsibility for it and whatever term of imprisonment might be meted out to him. Needless to say, these gentlemen were well paid. Many of them were unable to do more than to write their names, but they succeeded in deriving a good income from journalism by assuming responsibility for brilliant and caustic attacks upon the Government which they were hardly able to read, and to go to prison on behalf of opinions with which very often they had no sympathy. The occupation of the 'fighting editor' of Paris did not terminate with the overthrow of the Empire and the repeal of the repressive Press laws. There are still attached to some of the Parisian newspapers noted duellists who are ready to fight in defence of articles they have never even seen, who answer the demands of aggrieved individuals, which are too unreasonable to be entertained, with a polite request for the names of their seconds, and a meeting in the Bois de Vincennes.

Then there is 'the dummy editor.' In Japan there is practically no such thing as freedom of the Press. Whenever a newspaper publishes something unfriendly to the Government it is suppressed, and the editor is sent to gaol. The real editor, however, is never imprisoned. Every newspaper has what is called a 'dummy editor,' and it is his sole duty to go to prison every time the paper is crushed for offending the Mikado. Then the real editor changes the name of the paper, and keeps on publishing it. Dummy editors spend most of their time in prison.

The 'fighting editor' and the 'dummy editor' were not always things of fiction even in this country. In the old days, when the Press censorship in England was rigorous to the last degree, the printer or publisher, whose name was given in each newspaper, filled the part of the 'dummy editor.' When the real editor transgressed the laws regulating political discussion in the Press, and rendered himself liable to prosecution, the Government pounced upon the printer or publisher whose name appeared in the newspaper. If a fine were imposed the editor or proprietor, of course, paid it. But often the printer or publisher was sent to gaol and endured vicarious imprisonment, and during his sequestration the name of another 'dummy' was substituted for his in the newspaper.

The most famous 'fighting editor' in the annals of British

journalism was the Rev. Henry Bate, or 'Parson Bate,' of the Tory 'Morning Post,' who subsequently founded the Whig 'Morning Herald.' Bate was as expert with the pistol as with the pen; and his motto as a journalist was 'I never apologise, and I never retract.' During his control of the 'Morning Post,' towards the end of the eighteenth century, he published a couple of personal paragraphs concerning a lady. Captain Stoney, a buck of the time, constituted himself the lady's champion, and called upon Bate to give him satisfaction. Bate ignored the challenge. One day, however, the two men met accidentally at the Adelphi Tavern in the Strand, and the Captain made it clear to the editor that the only alternative to a duel was a horsewhipping. Bate said, 'I'm for pistols and swords.' The two men ordered a room, into which they locked themselves, and blazed away at each other with pistols, but without any very damaging effect. They then drew their swords and continued to fight till the door was broken open by the police.

John Black, of 'The Morning Chronicle,' was never seen in the streets, during the many years of his editorship, without being accompanied by a large mastiff, and what he called 'an honest sturdy cudgel' in his hand. One does not meet, in these days, the editor of 'The Times,' or of the 'Morning Post,' in the Strand or Fleet Street, similarly equipped to repel attack. But in country towns the editor occasionally receives an indignant letter, in which he is promised a sound thrashing on account of something which appeared in his newspaper; and now and then an exasperated visitor makes a hostile demonstration on the premises.

A man called recently at a newspaper office in a provincial town and demanded to see the editor. 'My name, sir, is Lambkin,' he cried, on being ushered into the editorial room. 'I was married last week.' 'Let me offer my congratulations, Mr. Lambkin,' said the editor; 'I am glad to see you. By the way, we published in this morning's paper quite a full account of your wedding.' 'Yes, sir. I saw it.' 'You have come, perhaps, to order some extra copies,' said the editor. 'I have come, sir, for personal satisfaction. Your reporter asked for photographs of Mrs. Lambkin and myself to use in describing the wedding, sir.' 'Yes. Didn't he —?' interjected the editor. 'He said he would have engravings made from them and place them in the article he wrote about the affair.' 'Yes. That was done,' said the editor. 'And some

lop-eared, bow-legged printer in this office mixed up the portraits, sir,' continued the ruffled Mr. Lambkin. 'You published me this morning, sir, in your advertising columns as a Birmingham barber who had suffered for fifteen years from a broken back and a sore throat, and had been cured by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Billjaw's Compound Extract of Hankus Pankus; and you placed the portrait of that confounded barber in your account of my wedding, sir. You can stop my paper, sir. And now, will you show me the typesetting department of this office? I am on the warpath this morning, sir, and I am going to find the man who mixed those illustrations.'

Sometimes the editor gets the better of these unpleasant intruders into his sanctum. A friend of ours was seated in his editorial chair in a Yorkshire town, quietly snipping paragraphs from contemporary journals, when in walked, unannounced, a big ferocious-looking man with a heavy stick in his hand. 'Is the editor in?' he asked. The menacing tone in which the question was put showed that he had not come to make a friendly call, to insert an advertisement, or to pay a subscription to the journal. 'No, sir,' replied the editor with admirable presence of mind. 'He has just gone out. Take a seat and read the paper; he will return in a minute.' Down sat the indignant visitor, crossing his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vanished downstairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who also asked if the editor was in. 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt response, 'you will find him seated upstairs, reading a newspaper.' The second visitor, on entering the room, commenced a violent assault upon the first, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and cudgelled each other to their hearts' content.

The first work published by that charming writer on rural subjects, Richard Jefferies, was a little booklet entitled 'Reporting, Editing, and Authorship.' It is crudely written, and was brought out at Swindon, where its author commenced life as a journalist. 'There is a policy in advertisements as well as in the higher game of politics,' writes Jefferies. 'It is not uncommon for editors to cause meetings to be particularly well reported with the object of getting the bill and other job printing which necessarily accompanies such assemblies. The course taken by the editor is often

ruled by the consideration of advertisements. They are the profit of a paper.' Jefferies, it must be admitted, knew something about the customs of editors, as well as about the habits of animals and birds, though he has not presented the former in so engaging a light as the latter. Of course, a newspaper, after all, is not a philanthropic institution, but a commercial speculation, on the success of which the livelihood of a number of persons depends. The consideration that the paper must be made to pay adds immensely to the editor's burden of responsibility. He must exercise the greatest caution and circumspection in taking a decided line on any financial, commercial, political, or national issue. The credit and standing of the paper hang in the balance. If time should prove that the step taken on any question of policy was wrong, the journal not only suffers in reputation, but is injured as a property.

Indeed, the Yankee schoolboy was greatly mistaken in thinking that for the editor of a morning paper it is all going to the circus. There is a lot of harassing anxiety associated with a seat in an editorial chair. A newspaper is not free from the common human weakness of making mistakes. Despite the watchful vigilance of the editor, an error of omission or commission will be committed occasionally. A lawyer may by a blunder lose a case involving thousands of pounds; a doctor may kill a patient by wrong treatment, but no one knows of it outside the family or the persons concerned. In a commercial business, if a manager makes a serious mistake, it is not paraded before the general public; but in the case of a journalistic error the only limit to its proclamation from the housetops is the circulation of the newspaper itself. A London morning journal which has blundered tells the story of its disgrace to something like a million unsympathetic people.

It is only the sturdiest temperament that can stand the responsibility of the editorship of a daily newspaper. The strain, the worry, the methodical habits, the self-repression of the position, in the case of the 'Daily News,' proved too much for Charles Dickens in less than three weeks. Just nineteen days after he had assumed the duties of editor he wrote to his friend, John Forster, that, being 'tired to death and quite worn out,' he had resigned the office.

The hours during which an editor of a morning newspaper occupies nightly the editorial chair vary slightly in different

offices. For thirty-two years Mr. John Delane, the great editor of 'The Times,' reached his office at 10.30 P.M. and left at 4 A.M., when the first printed copy of the newspaper had been issued from the press. On reaching home he took a light supper, went to bed, and rose about noon. He lunched about 1 P.M., despatched his correspondence, received calls, went out about four o'clock for a ride on horseback, looked in at his club, dressed for dinner, dined nine times out of ten at his club or in town, took a glance at what there was to see, and at a quarter past ten o'clock, wherever he might be—at a dinner, reception, or theatre—took leave and went to his office.

In these days the London newspapers 'go to press'—that is, the stereotyped plates are placed in the machines for printing—not later than 3 o'clock A.M. Generally speaking, the editor goes to the office after lunch and remains till about six, going through his correspondence, arranging for leading articles and 'specials,' receiving callers and consulting with the manager. He returns to the office after dinner—about ten o'clock—and stays at his post until the paper is sent to press.

During the night 'news' arrives from north, south, east, and west. Packets are delivered by hand; the postman brings dozens of letters; telegrams from the correspondents of the newspaper, at home and abroad, arrive every minute; the messengers of the great news associations pour in reports of meetings and disasters. Foreign intelligence goes to the foreign editor's room; home affairs are dealt with by the sub-editors in another room; there are special men for sporting, naval and military, or ecclesiastical intelligence, and for the money market. The editor keeps in touch with all these departments. As he sits in his editorial chair, knee deep in papers and manuscripts—still, perhaps, selecting articles and letters for publication, or more probably scrutinising with the utmost care the 'proofs' of the matter in type, for misstatements and grammatical slips, altering, suppressing, and revising—sub-editors come and go, consulting him on particular questions, referring to him points of difficulty for decision; reporters call with their notes of meetings to be told the amount of space assigned to them; and the foreman printer looks in frequently to report the number of columns the 'copy' in hand will fill, or to receive instructions as to the 'make-up' of the paper, on which page this report or that special article is to appear, the type in which this or that contribution is to be 'set,' and to what extent

the dignities of 'headlines' and 'leads'—as the spaces between the lines are called—is to be conferred upon it. During the night, too, the editor may be met rushing through the corridors, looking in for a moment at the home department, or the foreign department, to see how things are progressing—how the news is coming in and is being trimmed and dressed for publication by the staffs in these departments.

The editor specially subjects the proofs of the 'leaders' to rigorous revision. We have known instances of contradictory leading articles on the same subject appearing in a provincial morning journal within three months. The articles were written by different men of opposite opinions on the subject, or who viewed the matter from different standpoints, and the editor, being careless or indolent, did not compare each article with the earlier pronouncements on the same topic, as he ought to have done, in order to preserve the consistency of the journal. The careful editor corrects, alters, and adds to the leading article, if necessary, and above all—to avoid annoying lapses in the paper's policy—he makes sure there is nothing in it opposed to the opinions which have been expressed earlier on the same subject.

Nothing, indeed, is too great and nothing is too small in the production of the newspaper—in the collecting, condensing, and explaining of the activities of the world during the past twenty-four hours—for the notice, comprehension, and instant decision of the editor.

The strain on the mind of the editor during the last hour is often feverish in its poignancy. The foreman printer almost invariably reports, as the time is at hand for going to press, that a greater quantity of matter is in type than there is space in the newspaper to contain it. 'Five columns too many,' says the overseer. Then comes the question for the editor to decide, 'What is to be left out?' The editor, with quick eyes and merciless blue pencil, goes rapidly through the 'proofs' and promptly solves the problem.

About two o'clock the bustle, the hurry, and the excitement gradually slacken and die away into a blessed calm. The editor lights a fresh pipe or cigar, and leans back in his chair with a sigh of relief. There is just one slight shade of anxiety on his brow. An accident in the machine-room, causing a delay of just a few minutes, might be sufficient to miss the early trains and post which convey the newspaper to many readers. But,

happily, that is an occurrence that very rarely happens in so well-regulated an establishment as a newspaper office. The first printed copy of the journal is brought to the editor from the machine-room. He looks through it; everything seems all right; he gives the order to print; the toil and anxiety of the night are over. As he leaves the office about three o'clock he hears the distant rumble and boom of the printing machines—those amazing miracles of mechanical invention—turning out copies of the journal with incredible rapidity, printed, folded, and piled up ready for distribution. Round the corner there is a long line of carts to convey the newspaper to the local wholesale agents and the railway stations.

But really the editor of a daily journal never finishes his allotted task. His work is never over and done with. On awakening in the morning, and before he rises from his bed, he re-reads his newspaper anxiously and looks through his contemporaries with some trepidation. He is never sure that something has not gone wrong in his own establishment. Perhaps he has had a 'miss.' With what vexation of spirit does he see in a rival the report of an important event about which he has not had a line! Perhaps an erroneous statement has crept in about some person. This may prove a costly mistake, for there is a harassing law of libel, and juries are curiously prone to giving heavy damages against offending newspapers. He knows, too, that in the clubs there are hundreds of superannuated old gentlemen engaged, with spectacles on nose, in their favourite recreation—scrutinising the newspaper for mistakes, slips of the pen, erroneous dates, names misspelt or wrong initials, grammatical errors, incorrect quotations—and that on reaching the office at night he will find their letters worrying him about the blunders they have discovered.

But, with all its annoyances and responsibilities, the editor is proud of the post he occupies. The spirit of John Black, who envied no man, animates most editors of morning journals. So proud was Black professionally that although in constant communication with Ministers during the Melbourne Administration, which he supported in the 'Morning Chronicle,' he never asked a favour of one of them. 'You are the only man who forgets I am Prime Minister,' said Lord Melbourne to him on one occasion. 'How so, my lord?' inquired Black, supposing for the moment that he had been disrespectful inadvertently. 'Because,' said



Lord Melbourne, 'you are the only man I know who never asks a favour of me.' 'I have no favour to ask, my lord,' replied Black; 'I have no favour to ask of anyone in the world. You are the Prime Minister of England, but I am editor of the "Morning Chronicle," and I would not change places with the proudest man in England—not even, my lord, with you.'



*GEORGIUS REX.*<sup>1</sup>

ICONOCLASTIC though it may be, I must say that as a sister I do not approve of my eldest brother, George. He seems to me a man of whom less might have been made. From my earliest years it has been laid down as a cardinal principle that the family must sacrifice itself to George, and the principle has, under his supervision, been fully carried out. A century ago George might have been an excusable luxury, but under present conditions he cost, in my opinion, more than he was worth. We are, as my mother would explain more adequately and genealogically, a county family of undoubted antiquity. No stain of trade blots our escutcheon. Nowadays money is an excellent blood- tonic, and personally I often wish that we had had a grandfather or so who was a pawnbroker. Of course we possess mortgages as well as ancestors, and at present we are agriculturally depressed. The consequence is that we are not quite such big-little people as we were once. We do not keep the hounds now as my grandfather, 'the wicked squire'—of sainted memory in my mother's mind—used to do. In fact, my poor father untruthfully alleges his advancing age instead of his decreasing stable as an excuse for hunting so seldom. Our shooting invitations are given with an eye to reciprocity, and there is less glass in the garden than there was even in my recollection. We order groceries from the Stores, and are not so popular in the village as in days gone by. However, it is unnecessary to elaborate melancholy details. Though it would be unwise to say so to my mother, we are a type to be found in most parts of the country.

George, however, had been shielded carefully from agricultural or any other depression. As heir to all the ages, if to very little else, he demanded every consideration and got it. After Eton, which was of course inevitable, it was decided that he was to go into a crack cavalry regiment and marry money. Sacred mysteries of this kind are not to be lightly treated, and no one was sacrilegious enough to put his destiny into so many words; but it was distinctly understood, and no one ever dared to question

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1902, by Henry Martley, in the United States of America.

its fulfilment. The future of the rest of us was a mere corollary to George. Henry was waiting for a family living, and James had been emigrated. The Salic Law prevailed in our family, and I was the smallest item. I fancy there was a hazy notion that I should marry some day when George had acquired the heiress; but till that happy event I could not expect to be considered. I remember that my faith in George was finally dissipated when some of his debts and the amount of my dress allowance were settled on the same day.

So far George had hung fire. He was an excellent example of the tailor-made young officer, and had conscientiously done his best to work out his salvation by marriage. My mother explained the delay by the assertion that George was very fastidious. Fastidious he was about wine and cigars; but I doubted whether he was not rather a narcotic in the marriage market. Meanwhile, until the advent of the 'not impossible She,' he contented himself with improving his prospects by the acquisition of male friends. They were of the genus known as 'useful,' and were young men whom he professed to despise on account of their birth and envied on account of their wealth. It was the irruption of these friends which particularly annoyed me. On the proclamation of their coming we were expected to put the house in order, literally and metaphorically. For a week or so we had to keep up the appearance of an income which might have been justifiably expected in George's family. Of course there was a bathos of pinching afterwards, but not until George's departure. And such young men! Naturally, they saw through the whole pretence, and scarcely attempted to conceal their amusement. I fancy George owed some of them money. One person of stupendous wealth and an Hebraic cast of countenance tried to kiss me when he was drunk, and on my appealing to George to turn him out of the house my dear brother only told me not to be a fool.

On the present occasion George had, in his bold bluff way, warned of his advent and accompanied the announcement with the intimation that he was bringing a friend—in this case an individual named Winter. Fortunately there was only one, the rest having disappointed him at the last moment, but the usual programme followed. The establishment was subjected to an inventory, and ways and means consulted. There was an examination of the cellar and communication with an already discon-

tented wine merchant in town. The keepers were officially reviewed, and it was hoped that the largest part of the shooting, which was always reserved for George and his friends, might content them. Things were worse with us than usual, but even I had a new dress.

George and Mr. Winter arrived in the afternoon. The former greeted us with his usual hauteur and the pleasing remark that the antediluvian dog-cart had managed to survive the journey. Mr. Winter, however, surprised me. He showed no symptom of being veneered, and I should never have conjectured that he was a 'useful' friend. He was a slight, boyish-looking man, with curly brown hair and laughing blue eyes, and he had the half-shy, half-offhand manner of a nice schoolboy. When he came in to tea, he exclaimed, 'Muffins! Good business!' and consumed some six of them, while he prattled away to my mother without a single drawl. I began to think George must be deplorably mistaken, and must have foregathered with a useless gentleman. However, on making inquiries I found there were substantial grounds for the friendship. 'Oh, Winter?' was George's description, 'he's all right. He's nobody in particular, you know. His uncle, old Winter—Winter, the silk spinner—left him all his money, and I've seen a good deal of him lately. He's a bit of a fool, you know—awful baby—but he's not a bad little chap.' I am afraid my conclusion was that in this case George had made money out of him, instead of owing it.

During the remainder of the evening Mr. Winter continued to surprise me. He drank very little and talked a good deal. Most of George's guests are what are known as 'men's men,' and they talk spasmodically across the table to George on betting topics. Mr. Winter discussed poultry at great length with my mother—poultry is her hobby—and described his mother's unsuccessful attempt to buy a dress out of poultry profits. George was ineffable and contemptuous, but Mr. Winter babbled on unconsciously. After dinner he was, of course, expected to migrate to the billiard room—George is an excellent player. However, the migration was delayed while Mr. Winter explained some string puzzles to us. String puzzles, he informed us, were invented by navvies in the dinner hour, and he had learnt them while he was apprenticed to an engineer. This was, in George's mind, almost vulgar, and he hurried Mr. Winter away. The latter, I surmised, was not a good billiard player.

The next day was a blank, dank, wet day, and I decided after breakfast to go out ratting with the terriers. My terriers are my only luxury, though, strictly speaking, they are not so regarded officially. I am supposed in a praiseworthy way to make money out of them—'so many ladies go in for dog breeding, you know.' I should have made more if I had not kept all the best of them, but it was unnecessary to explain this. I had just collected the pack—there were ten of them, besides puppies—when George and Mr. Winter strolled through the hall.

'Hallo, Miss Heath,' Mr. Winter said, 'you're not going out on a day like this, are you?'

'I'm going to take the terriers out ratting,' I explained.

'Ratting?' he exclaimed, with evident eagerness. 'Oh, I say, can't I come too? I am keen on it.'

'If you like,' I agreed, with some amusement at George's countenance.

'Come and have a game at billiards,' George suggested; 'I'm not going ratting on a wet day.'

'I am,' Mr. Winter insisted. 'I haven't tried it since—since I was quite a boy. Come along, Heath. Don't mope around in the house.'

'If we take some ferrets and a gun,' George suggested.

'Not with the terriers,' I said decidedly. 'We tried that once before.'

'Bolton offered to pay you pretty well for the dogs he shot,' George answered.

'It was very tactful and kind of him,' I said. 'Come along, Mr. Winter.'

'Well, you can go and mudlark if you like,' George concluded sulkily, and retired to the smoking room.

Mr. Winter and I went up to the home farm and got thoroughly excited and wet. I thought to myself how carefully the rats would have been preserved if Mr. Winter's tastes had been known. However, as it was, the terriers dug out some half-dozen, besides a couple of poisoned corpses, over whose premature death Mr. Winter moaned pathetically. When the dye began to run out of his tie, we turned at last for home.

'I have enjoyed myself,' he said. 'I haven't enjoyed anything so much for two years.'

'Two years? Was that the time you went out ratting as a boy?' I asked.

'No,' he answered, 'that was quite six or seven years ago—but two years ago everything changed, you know.'

'Did it?'

'Oh, yes. It was then that my uncle left me this con-founded money, and if I tried to go ratting now in my own place they'd have a dozen keepers and fifty prize terriers and three or four thousand warranted rats all bought for the occasion.'

'Hard lines,' I suggested.

'Oh! it is hard lines,' he said quite lugubriously. 'Do you know, I was at Rugby once? You wouldn't have guessed that, would you?'

'I think I should have taken you for a public school boy,' I said.

'Oh, you don't understand,' he explained. 'Rugby men are always boys, if nothing goes wrong with them. Even if they're seventy, they're still boys. That's the good of Rugby. Two years ago I was still quite a boy, and then I got all this beastly money and everything's different. It's not much fun being a millionaire, I can tell you, Miss Heath.'

'A good many people would like it,' I said.

'They're idiots,' he rattled on, 'unless they've been brought up to it. Then perhaps it's different. But if you've been poor, and you wake up some day and get a solicitor's letter and find you're rich, it sounds all right at first, but it isn't. There's a word called "cloy" in the hymn books—I don't know whether you've noticed it, it always rhymes to "joy"—and I always thought it meant too much plum cake, but it doesn't: it means too much money.'

'It must be awful to feel so old and *blasé*,' I remarked solemnly.

'I'm not a bit old and *blasé*,' he protested, 'but you'd feel it too. There was a cousin of mine—a girl—who got some of my uncle's money too, and she's never been quite the same since. She's been obliged to give up looking for bargains at the spring sales. And I like beer better than anything else, but how often can I get it?'

'You shall have some for lunch,' I interrupted, 'and feel young again for one meal.'

'No; you don't understand,' he babbled on—'that's only an instance. There was a man whom I met the other day and he had a lot of large paper books that he was afraid to read because

they were such very large paper. I'm a large paper book. I—'

'I don't believe that's impromptu,' I interjected.

'Oh, no,' he allowed, 'I thought of it at the time. But really, you don't know how lonely it is. Most of the men I used to know won't know me, and the men who want to know me now I don't like. I remember the day I got that solicitor's letter. I rushed round to tell a man I practically lived with. I said, "Won't we have a good time!" and he answered rather sadly, "I hope you'll have a very good time indeed." I've only seen him once in the last year.'

'Isn't it a little absurd of him?' I asked.

'Not a bit. I should only make him uncomfortable. I make everybody uncomfortable. Do you know—don't tell your brother, though, or he'll laugh at me—I got so sick of it all that I went down in an excursion steamer to Margate for a nice simple vulgar day. It was just the same. In a little while the men in the steamer detected that I had some money, and I was pestered for the rest of the day by three or four ruffians who wanted to get drunk at my expense. The decent excursionists looked on me as an interloper. It's the same whether it's an excursion steamer or a steam yacht. Don't you be foolish enough, Miss Heath, ever to buy a steam yacht.'

'I can see no immediate prospect of doing so,' I answered, 'but it's always well to be warned in time.'

'When I was poor,' he went on plaintively, 'I used to dream of what I would do when I was rich, and the steam yacht was my favourite dream. I was going to ship a cargo of amusing people to sit and be amused like the centre man in a nigger minstrel troupe, while they talked epigrams. If anyone bored me, I was going to land him. But when I got the yacht, the people weren't at all amusing, and wouldn't even land when I wished. I don't know which were the dreariest, the smart people who patronised me or the clever people who looked on me as their patron. It was just the same with all my other dreams.'

'What happened to them?' I asked innocently. He really was a delightfully ingenuous millionaire.

'There was the house boat at Henley,' he continued in mournful tones. 'It was such a beautiful house boat, rather like a florist's shop outside, and quite like an inebriated hotel

inside; and there was the grouse moor where you got sick of slaughter, and the salmon river where you couldn't help catching fish. And always the same crowd of nice obsequious friends and nice obsequious keepers and flunkies. The only difference between my friends and my servants is that my servants cost less and conceal their feelings better.'

'Why don't you hire some bad shooting and bad fishing?' I asked.

'How in the world could I?' he answered. 'I should be thought either a lunatic or a miser. What would people say if I went back to the days when I enjoyed myself when there was a partridge to the square mile and a brace of trout was a respectable basket? "Ask for the best best," as some advertisement or other says. I wish I had gone on dreaming. But I've been prattling about myself and boring you too long, Miss Heath.'

Mr. Winter was rather absurdly bitter. After all, he did not seem to me to be a man who would be so disappointed about a house boat or a grouse moor, and I drew a bow at a venture.

'You haven't been boring me at all, Mr. Winter,' I said. 'I want to know about the other dream—the real dream.'

'Which one? There were so many,' he answered in a puzzled way.

'Oh, no, there weren't,' I said; 'there was only one, and you won't be angry, Mr. Winter, will you? May I guess?'

'If you like,' he said carelessly.

'Well,' I suggested, 'I don't know her name.'

'I—I haven't said anything about anybody—any girl,' he said, with a sudden flush.

'You've been talking about nothing else for the last half-hour,' I answered.

'I don't see how you know,' he protested in surprise.

'It wasn't hard to discover,' I explained, 'and I believe I know almost everything but her name. Shall I go on guessing? When you were poor she didn't want to marry you—which was attractive; and when you got rich she was quite ready to change her mind and her name, and that was not attractive. Her mother probably agreed with her on both occasions. You declined to be put into settlement and went away. Isn't that about it?'

For a second I thought Mr. Winter was going to be angry, but he only smiled grimly.

'You must be very good at puzzles, Miss Heath,' he remarked.



'Puzzles?' I answered. 'You're not a puzzle—you're only a man.'

'No,' he said meekly; 'I suppose I'm not a puzzle, only a prize competition.'

'We give a valuable prize. The only condition we make is that the successful competitor shall take our nickel-plated young man,' I suggested.

'Oh! I can see the humour of it,' he exclaimed. 'I'm not dangerously handsome, am I, Miss Heath?'

'Candidly,' I allowed, 'I don't think you are.'

'It's very nice of you to put it so mildly,' he replied; 'but do you know that in the last month a girl positively proposed for me without the slightest encouragement from anybody but her mother?'

'Wasn't that enough?' I asked.

'I suppose so,' he agreed. 'The mothers make a necessity of virtue and the daughters a virtue of necessity. There've been a lot of other mothers and daughters—not this season's delicacies, perhaps, because I'm only Winter of that silk, but still only slightly worn.'

'You ought to have a chaperon,' I observed.

'I have thought,' he answered, 'of marrying one of the mothers—a nice tough widow, with no conscience and an appetite—and she'd at least have my interests and rents at heart. A mother is a person who cares only for herself. A daughter generally cares for someone else. You think it's rather conceited to talk like this, don't you, Miss Heath, and that I'm a puppy—not even a pedigree puppy?'

'Well,' I admitted, 'some people might think you took an exaggerated idea of your attractions.'

'My attractions,' he said, 'are about the same as my old uncle's, or rather less, because he'd have died sooner. It's not at all exhilarating—it's humiliating. There was one girl last year who seemed rather different from the others, and I think she must have been. One day, when I was talking to her about nothing in particular, she burst into tears. There was someone else, of course, someone impossible, and she hadn't been really well brought up or I should never have known. It doesn't make you a bit conceited.'

I began to wonder if Mr. Winter wished to warn me off the premises.



'And so,' I suggested, 'you've been brought to the sad state of saying anything and doing nothing that you like.'

'Saying anything? I haven't said anything—oh! hang it all,' he said, with a sudden confusion which disarmed my suspicions.

'A friend is someone who wants to borrow from you, and a girl is something that wants to marry you, and you're staying with George and talking to me.'

'I say, Miss Heath,' he stammered, 'you mustn't attach any importance to what I said.'

'I didn't,' I replied.

'No, but really—' he protested. 'It would make it worse to apologise, I suppose?'

'Very much worse,' I agreed.

'Oh! confound it,' he began again. 'You see, I wasn't thinking of you—'

'Thank you, Mr. Winter,' I interjected.

'I didn't mean to talk about girls,' he protested; 'you know you—'

'Quite so,' I said. 'It was my fault for introducing so dangerous a topic.'

'I do wish you'd understand,' he persisted.

'I've forgotten everything,' I answered. 'I'll only remember sometimes, when I'm losing my head, that you're dangerously but hopelessly attractive.'

'Really, Miss Heath,' he pleaded.

'Here's the house,' I concluded; 'have some whisky, and you'll feel better. It will save you from any danger of a chill.'

'It depends on the chill,' he murmured.

I left him in a lugubrious condition and went upstairs to change. During lunch Mr. Winter appeared depressed and apologetic. He talked very little except to me, and his conversation was irreproachably deferential. He affected a cheery optimism about things in general as a peace offering, and I adopted a tone of burlesque pessimism. He looked at me pleadingly as I left the room, and I nearly spoilt the situation by laughing. However, I managed to maintain an expression of stony disregard till I had got away. The afternoon George and he spent in the billiard room, and I gathered from George's contentment that it had been satisfactory from his point of view.

During the next day or two I did not see much of Mr. Winter. We were relieved to find that George was not so deeply

ashamed of the shooting as usual, and my father and the keepers breathed again. For one thing, Mr. Winter was apparently a good shot, and did not require so many birds as some of George's useful friends. Generally they killed an average of one in ten, and that necessitated a good many birds. Also Mr. Winter was not in the habit of relating his achievements in other places where 'the shooting was really good.' In the evening Mr. Winter made desperate but unsuccessful efforts to stay with us in the drawing-room. I continued to be frigid and offended, and refused to give him any excuse for avoiding the billiard room. Once I went down to lunch with the guns.

'Won't you,' Mr. Winter asked tentatively after lunch, 'come with us this afternoon?'

'No,' I answered, 'it's too dangerous.'

'I'll take the greatest care,' he hastened to assure me.

'Oh, it's not that I'm afraid of,' I explained; 'it's the—the fascination, you know.'

Poor Mr. Winter! He looked at me sadly and silently, and, as I gathered, shot execrably for the rest of the afternoon. The treatment was wholesome for him after what he had said, and I felt I ought to keep it up. The next day, however, was a day off as far as shooting was concerned, and, while I was practising on the croquet lawn after breakfast, Mr. Winter emerged from the house. He stopped and looked inquiringly at me for a minute or two.

'Do you play croquet, Mr. Winter?' I asked.

'I'm no good,' he said eagerly, 'but I've always wanted to learn.'

'The worst of telling untruths is that they're sometimes believed,' I answered. 'Go and get a mallet from the hall.'

I knew that George had arranged to go out for a drive with Mr. Winter that morning, and it occurred to me that it might be not without amusement if I annexed Mr. Winter for croquet. I had just begun to initiate him into the mysteries of a four-ball break when my dear brother arrived and contemplated the scene with the utmost disgust.

'I say, Heath,' Mr. Winter shouted ecstatically, 'I'm getting on splendidly. I've just been through three hoops in a break.'

'Good Heavens!' my brother answered, 'you don't mean to say you've been bullied to playing lawn marbles?'

'I wasn't bullied,' Mr. Winter said hastily, 'it's a ripping good game. Oh, confound it, I've missed that hoop again.'

'I was thinking of driving over to Doesborough this morning,' George observed majestically. 'Would it suit your plans if I had the dog-cart round in half an hour?'

'I believe,' I suggested, 'that Mr. Winter would much rather play croquet. Wouldn't you, Mr. Winter?'

'It's not a bad idea,' Mr. Winter said, 'of course if you really want me to go with you, Heath—but your sister has so kindly promised to teach me.'

'Oh, you needn't mind about being polite to Katie,' my brother replied graciously, 'nobody ever bothers about being polite to her.'

'I think I'd really rather stay here and play croquet,' Mr. Winter said quietly.

'There's really no necessity,' George protested.

'Can't Mr. Winter do what he likes?' I asked.

'Don't be an ass, Katie,' George replied. 'Do you really want to stay here and play this fooling game, Winter? Because I shan't.'

'I think I'll go on with the game,' Mr. Winter said, without any symptoms of extreme sorrow.

George retired in the highest dudgeon, and we played for the rest of the morning. Mr. Winter's enthusiasm and his habit of swearing unconsciously to himself amused me. It was not till the luncheon bell had rung that I mentioned our *casus belli*.

'I hope you'll give me another lesson, Miss Heath,' he said.

'It's too risky,' I answered. 'What is sport to you may be death to me.'

'Oh, hang it all, Miss Heath,' he burst out lugubriously. 'Can't you drop that? I've apologised all I know.'

'It's not for offensive but defensive purpose that I have to remember,' I explained. 'If I once get drawn into the toils like those other unhappy girls——'

'You don't understand, Miss Heath,' he protested. 'You're not like any other girls—not like any other girls I've met.'

'For the last two years,' I interrupted. 'I'm simple and homely, like the rats, but that makes a man about town, like you, all the more fatally attractive.'

'I can't explain it any better,' he said, 'unless I told you what I really thought of you—and then you'd be angrier still, I suppose.'

'Probably,' I answered, as we reached the house, 'but you

behaved very nicely this morning, and I think I'll forgive you now.'

During lunch Mr. Winter babbled on light-heartedly while George maintained a countenance of funereal disapproval. I thought I should probably be reprimanded after the manner of George, and, when lunch was over, he told me that he desired an interview with me for a few minutes.

'Katie,' he began, 'I suppose you know what I'm going to speak to you about?'

'From your expression at lunch, George,' I replied, 'I should say it was to consult me about the best kind of pills.'

'Don't attempt to take that tone with me,' he answered angrily; 'I won't stand it. I'm only warning you for your own good.'

'If you're beginning to feel unselfish, George,' I interjected, 'you'd certainly better see a doctor.'

'I understand girls pretty well,' he began once more.

'The worst of it is,' I interrupted again, 'that they understand you too.'

'Will you or will you not let me speak?' he went on ferociously.

'If the worst comes to the worst,' I murmured.

'What I want to say to you, Katie,' he pursued, 'is that I won't have you making a fool of yourself with Winter like this.'

'Like what?'

'Asking him to go ratting and to play croquet and all the rest of it. Do you know, you little idiot, that Winter is a man who could marry any woman he wanted to? Do you know what that fellow's worth? Do you think he'd look at you for a minute?'

'I at least am not concerned with the bank balances of our guests,' I said, 'and I don't see what business it is of yours whom I play croquet with.'

'Don't you?' he answered. 'For the sake of the family I will not have you making a fool of yourself.'

'I was not aware,' I said, 'that the family folly was entailed.'

'Very well,' he said, 'if you won't stop it, I will. I shall speak to Winter about it this afternoon.'

'You'll what?' I exclaimed.

'Speak to Winter, and tell him he must be careful with a little fool like you.'

'If you dare, George, I'll——'

‘What?’

‘I think I’d murder you.’

‘It seems to me it’s about time to do something,’ George observed. ‘Good afternoon, Katie.’

Though I had had rows with George before, and I knew what a brute he was when he lost his temper, he had never been quite such a cad before. When he left me, he had had the satisfaction of reducing me to tears, but after a time I recovered and calmed down. His bark was worse than his bite, and he was not likely to carry out his threat. I was placid again by tea-time, and had almost forgotten our scene when George arrived with a placid and benignant smile.

‘Hullo, little woman,’ he began, ‘I came to tell you how sorry I was that I lost my temper. You were a bit riling, you know.’

‘Very likely,’ I answered, ‘what is it you want?’

‘I’m awfully glad about it,’ he went on imperturbably, ‘and I think you’ll be pleased when I tell you what I’ve done for you.’

‘I am beginning to suspect,’ I said, remembering a previous episode, ‘that you’ve sold one of my terriers for an extravagant price to Mr. Winter and want to share the proceeds.’

‘I shan’t ask for a commission,’ he answered with unruffled unction, ‘though I really think I ought to have one. If I hadn’t struck him at the psychological moment——’

‘He must have been a very small man,’ I observed.

‘He is rather small,’ he remarked; ‘now, can’t you guess?’

‘It’s probably some successful method of making money out of Mr. Winter,’ I said, ‘otherwise I’m afraid I haven’t the faintest idea what you’re talking about.’

‘That’s a horribly prosaic way of putting it, Katie,’ he replied, ‘and you of all people mustn’t talk like that.’

‘What is it you have done, George?’ I asked, with sudden apprehension.

‘I see it’s beginning to dawn on you,’ George chuckled, ‘but you’ve only guessed a part of it. I spoke to Winter this afternoon, as I told you——’

‘Told him that I was making a fool of myself?’

‘Not exactly that—I put it tactfully, you know—just hinted. You’ll apologise for throwing that teacup at me, Katie, when I tell you what happened. Can’t you guess now?’

‘He horsewhipped you, I hope,’ I burst out.

'Oh, no! he didn't,' he said. 'I find he means real business—real business.'

'What do you mean, George?' I asked in horror.

'Can't you understand, you little idiot?' George explained smilingly. 'He is ready to marry you.'

'How very kind of him!' I answered. 'I suppose he's quite certain of success?'

'Not a bit,' George said. 'That's the funny part of it.'

'Oh, that's the funny part of it, is it?'

'He seemed to think you'd be likely to refuse him. Upon my word, I don't think you've managed him badly. Of course, I explained that there wouldn't be likely to be very much difficulty——'

'You what?' I almost screamed.

'Explained that I didn't think there'd be very much difficulty. A girl with a head on her shoulders is not likely to refuse such a chance as that. It was lucky I spoke to him then, wasn't it? With a notion like that in his mind he might have hung back till he'd got sick of the whole thing.'

'Does he know that you're going to speak to me about this?' I asked.

'Oh, no,' George answered, 'he is a funny little chap. He particularly asked me not to say anything about it to you, but of course one must be practical. I talked it over with the Governor, and he thoroughly approves, and I thought I'd come on and explain matters to you.'

I saw the whole thing in a moment. George had begun in a fit of ill temper for the purpose of revenging himself on me. That would have been bad enough. Then Mr. Winter was put in an unpleasant position and said more than he meant. George saw a brilliant opportunity for turning the situation to account—his own bank account—and had spoken to my father so that the whole force of the family could be brought down on me. I saw it all before me—Mr. Winter marrying me against his will and thinking I wanted to marry him for his money, while I had to hear the old, old story about the difficulties of the family and George's future, and my mother's grey hairs, and all that.

'I really think, after all,' George observed, eyeing me approvingly while I stood nearly sick with anger, 'that I don't so much wonder at Winter's taste after all.'

'And how dare you think I'm going to allow this?' I burst out.

'You don't mean to say you've got any objection?' George asked with, I think, really genuine surprise.

'Objections?' I answered, hectically, 'do you think I'm going to have Mr. Winter forced into marrying me? Or that I'd allow him to marry me when he thought it was because he was rich? Do you think——'

'Look here, Katie,' George interrupted, 'Winter's an awfully nice little chap, and he is really gone on you——'

'You utter, hopeless, irredeemable cad,' I went on.

'If it's that little bounder of a curate,' George said, with a flush of anger.

'It's that little bounder of a brother,' I answered; 'but I won't stand it—I will not. I shall go and speak to father about it, and make him let me go to Aunt Mary's to-night. Do you think he'll let me be bought and sold like a piece of furniture?'

'I think I would go and speak to the Governor, if I were you,' George observed drily. 'You may be more sensible after that.'

I knew what he meant. Father generally agreed with him, and he was under the impression he would do so now. But if father heard all that had happened from me, I was fully understood, I thought for once he might be firm. At any rate, whether he helped me or not, I was determined to go to Aunt Mary's that night and I rushed down to the library in a fit of angry tears.

'Father,' I said, as I hurried up to his reading chair, 'have you heard what George has been saying to Mr. Winter about me? You won't try and force me into it, will you, father? Because I won't, I can't.'

Someone got up out of the chair. It was not father, but Mr. Winter. I began crying even more furiously.

'I think I understand,' he said slowly. 'Your brother has been telling you what passed between us this afternoon?'

I nodded silently.

'I asked him not to—it was characteristic,' he went on quietly—'but I'm rather glad he did. And I'm rather glad you found me here. You needn't be afraid you'll be forced into anything, Miss Heath.'

'I wasn't afraid of you,' I sobbed.

'I hope you don't think I'd have wished you to marry me if you hadn't been foolish enough to care for me a little,' he went on wistfully. 'You didn't think that, did you?'

'No—no—no,' I stammered. 'I knew you were being dragged into it too.'

'I'm afraid I wasn't being dragged at all,' he said, 'but that doesn't matter much now, does it?'

'To ask your intentions like a grocer,' I answered irrelevantly.

'Oh, perhaps it was all right,' he observed bitterly. 'I dare say I might have bothered you more if I hadn't known so soon.'

'Mr. Winter,' I asked, relapsing into sobs again, 'you didn't think I'd marry you if I didn't care for you—not even if I am George's sister?'

'You were angry at what I said to you the other day, but I'm glad I said it now. You'll know at least that I wouldn't have wanted you if you'd been like any ordinary girl.'

I was not really crying now, but Mr. Winter did not notice that.

'Well, well! Kismet!' he said. 'Kismet!'

'I won't,' I replied from the depths of my pocket-handkerchief—I had heard quite plainly what he said—'you've got no right to ask me to.'

'I said "Kismet!" Miss Heath—not—not the other thing,' he stammered, turning quite pink. 'Kismet—it's Arabic, or something, for fate, you know.'

'Oh, is it?' I murmured.

'Well, good-bye, Miss Heath,' he went on after a minute's pause. 'I think I'd better quit this afternoon. I'm sorry to have made myself such a nuisance.'

'Are you going, then?' I asked.

'Well, it's rather natural, isn't it,' he answered, 'after what has happened?'

'All right—good-bye,' I said, looking up and putting out my hand.

'Goodbye,' he said, taking it, 'and——'

One of the advantages of brown eyes is that they save you the trouble of saying some things.

'I suppose,' he suggested tentatively, 'I suppose it's quite impossible that you could care for me at all—not now perhaps, but in a year or two?'

'Quite,' I agreed, pulling my hand away.

'Very well; good-bye,' he said, turning to go.

'Mr. Winter,' I observed, 'it's impossible to say what anyone would do in a year or two.'



'I—I don't understand,' he said, with a puzzled look.

'You don't want to,' I replied. 'I knew you'd try and shuffle out of it somehow.'

'You're not fooling, are you, Miss Heath?' he asked. 'You don't mean to say—why, you said you couldn't, you wouldn't——'

'I said I couldn't and wouldn't be forced into it,' I explained, 'and I won't either, and unless you say you're sorry for the way you've behaved to me——'

'I'm not,' he interrupted, 'I'm jolly glad. I say, it's not Arabic this time.'

'No,' I said, 'I suppose it's inevitable.'

The only nuisance of the whole affair was that George persisted in believing me to have been 'sensible' and chaffing me in his delicate way. However, one of the wedding presents from my husband was a promise never to lend or give anything to George, and he has kept it fairly well on the whole.

HENRY MARTLEY.

### ALARIC WATTS AND WORDSWORTH.

THE haunters of old bookshops are familiar with the inevitable shelf of once hardy annuals—Keepsakes, Friendship's offerings, Amulets, Gems, Forget-me-nots, many of them attired in watered silk a little frayed at the edges—which the bookseller preserves in the pious hope that fashion, having wearied of mezzotint, may one day turn to collect specimens of the equally lost art of line-engraving. Meanwhile he will cheerfully part with them at the price of a pirated song, unless they happen to contain an early poem by Mr. Ruskin. The idea of such annual productions came to England about the beginning of last century from Germany, where it had for long been the fashion to present one's friends at the New Year with a *vade mecum* containing useful information diversified with literature; and the earliest of the English annuals were of the same mixed character. Within the covers of a simple pocket-book, the bulk of which consisted of blank pages for a diary, the happy recipient would find not only a variety of information such as is now embalmed in 'Whitaker's Almanack,' but also short tales and poems and *jeux d'esprit*, together with one or two engravings. But in the year of grace 1825 the man of genius arose who evolved an ordered universe out of this chaos of elements by the application of a very simple idea. 'Why,' he asked himself, 'at Christmas more than at any other time, should human beings sandwich their *belles lettres* with the "Annual Register," or the "Annual Register" with their *belles lettres*?' And there being no answer to this question in the nature of things, he proceeded to separate what had been confounded, and announced for publication, 'The Literary Souvenir and Cabinet of Poetry and Romance,' which was to be an annual miscellany of literature, now completely purged from its original dependence upon the 'Almanach de Gotha.' The success of this new departure was as great as it deserved. It deserved success, not only for its novelty, but because it was based upon insight into human nature. It recognised that there is a large public which will buy literature at Christmas and not at any other time, because it buys not for itself, but to give to others; and

it recognised that such a public as this likes the literature it receives to be compounded of sentimental ingredients and garnished with pictures. Six thousand copies of the first issue were sold within the year, at the price of twelve shillings.

The person of genius who devised the 'Literary Souvenir' was Mr. Alaric Alexander Watts, in his day a man of very considerable reputation as a poet. In the year 1824, when he was twenty-seven years old, and while he was meditating his great achievement, he issued a volume of a hundred and fifty pages called 'Poetical Sketches,' and sold a thousand copies. A letter of Charles Lamb's, written in acknowledgment of the book, has been preserved, and it is interesting to see how he acquitted himself of a task that most poets and critics find sufficiently delicate :

DEAR SIR,—I beg you to accept my thanks for a copy of your poems, which I have found very elegant and full of fancy. I had seen and admired one of them, attributed to Lord Byron. The volume is externally handsome, and the poetry of a kind, I should judge, to have taken. But you have described feelings too inward, perhaps, to be exposed to odious criticism. I have inadvertently written this short acknowledgment sonnet fashion, in fourteen lines,—but where is the poetry? When your occupations give you leave, I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you.

Your obliged,

C. LAMB.

Without much subtlety in reading between lines, we can detect here the exhaustion of interest that in the third sentence drove the writer to praise the book's cover; the kindness of heart that in the fourth sentence impelled him to return to its subject matter; and the pause before the fifth, which yielded the fact that fourteen lines had already been written, and that consequently no further effort need be made. The reader who does not rank among his hereditary possessions a copy of the 'Poetical Sketches' may like to see a specimen of them; and by choice that piece which Lamb had seen attributed to Lord Byron. It is entitled 'To Octavia, the infant daughter of the late John Larking, Esq.,' and is a poem in seven stanzas, written with something of Byronic fluency and gloom, and something also of Coleridgean sentiment. Two stanzas will perhaps suffice as a witness to its 'elegance and fancy':

Full many a gloomy month hath passed,  
On flagging wing, regardless by,  
Unmarked by aught save grief, since last  
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,  
And bade my lyre pour forth for thee  
Its strain of wildest minstrelsy.

For all my joys are withered now,  
 The hopes I most relied on thwarted,  
 And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow  
 With many a shade since last we parted ;  
 Yet 'mid this murkiness of lot,  
 Young Peri, thou art unforgot.

. . . . .  
 Oh, might my fervent prayers prevail  
 For blessings on thy future years,  
 Or innocence, like thine, avail  
 To save thee from affliction's tears !  
 Each moment of thy life should bring  
 Some new delight upon its wing :  
 And the wild sparkle of thine eye,  
 Thy guilelessness of soul revealing,  
 Beam ever thus as brilliantly,  
 Undimmed save by those gems of feeling,  
 Those soft, luxurious drops that flow  
 In pity for another's woe !

It is not everyone, not even every great poet, who can write a successful ode to a baby. Milton, we know, conspicuously failed in his attempt from characteristic lack of humour, while his friend Andrew Marvell as conspicuously succeeded. Mr. Watts had no humour, but he had in large measure what the taste of his day preferred, and that was sensibility. The tear of sensibility moistens every poem in his collection. He weeps, for instance, among the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, over the more pathetic ruins of his own life and hopes :

The years have fled, and now I stand  
 Once more beside thy shattered fane,  
 Nerveless alike in heart and hand,  
 How changed by grief and pain,  
 Since last I loitered here, and deemed  
 Life was the fairy thing it seemed !  
 How many a wild and withering woe  
 Hath seared my trusting heart since then !  
 What clouds of blight, consuming slow  
 The springs that life sustain,  
 Have o'er my world-vexed spirit past,  
 Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last !

The fine derangement of poetical images in the last-quoted stanza must have reminded Lamb, if he got as far, of his own Elizabethans—so like, and yet how different ! In the same strain he mourns in a poem called 'Ten Years Ago,' which Sir Robert Peel pronounced to be 'one of the finest poems in the language.' An important paper might be written, and Mr. Stead may already

have written it, on 'Poems that have appealed to Premiers.' We have it, for example, on the authority of Wordsworth that his 'Idiot Boy' 'was a special favourite with the late Mr. Fox and the present Mr. Canning.' But leaving that question, and returning to Alaric Watts, the poems of his that touched the popular heart most were not those already mentioned, but two written in that pitiful metre which Tennyson condescended to use in his 'Queen of the May,' a line of seven iambic feet with anapæsts thrown in at discretion. One of them was called 'The Youngling of the Flock' and the other 'The Death of the First-born.' The 'Youngling of the Flock' celebrated what in all families is an interesting occasion, and put the ordinary paternal sentiment into a jig:

What though my heart be crowded close with inmates dear but few,  
Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for you!  
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a place,  
Who knows but room may still be found, if it wears as fair a face?

This particular 'youngling' was welcomed by the poet because it 'flashed upon his aching sight when Fortune's clouds were dark,' and was therefore aptly compared, after Mr. Wordsworth, to 'A radiant star when all beside have vanished from the sky.'

Of the other poem no one could speak unkindly who was aware that it embodied the poet's own experience; and it was to this poem that Lamb probably referred when he spoke of the book as expressing feelings 'too inward to be exposed to odious criticism.' The criticism of that age was too often odious; and of all the critics of the time none was so constantly and deliberately odious as a certain critic on the staff of 'Fraser's Magazine,' who saw an easy prey in poor Mr. Watts, and described him in a critical notice as a person who had 'some talent in writing verses on children dying of colic.'

It was not, however, of Watts's own poetry, but of his criticism of Wordsworth's poetry that I set out to speak. At the same time I thought it likely that the point of view of his criticism would be better appreciated if his own performance in the art were understood; and if it were recognised that his popularity at the time was far greater than that of Wordsworth. Of this there is unmistakable evidence. While a thousand copies of 'Poetical Sketches' were sold, as I have said, in the two years 1824-5, it took six years to get rid of the 1820 edition of Wordsworth, which consisted of only five hundred copies.

There is one other point which it may be well to illustrate before proceeding to quote Watts's criticisms, and that is the vigour with which in those days criticism was accustomed to express itself. It may reconcile the reader to the asperity of Mr. Watts if he has before him a specimen of the *critique* of the day, in which Mr. Watts is himself the object of criticism. I quoted above a sentence from 'Fraser's Magazine,' and it may be interesting to see the context in which it occurs, because Watts, who was as irritable as a greater poet, founded upon it an action for libel, and was awarded 150*l.* damages. It came in a series of 'Literary Portraits,' the pictures being by Maclise and the letterpress by the notorious Dr. Maginn. The portraits are not in general caricatures, so that Watts may be excused some annoyance at seeing himself represented as hurrying down somebody's staircase with a picture under each arm, the implication being that he was stealing them to engrave in his annual; as, in fact, had been done by the editor of a rival publication. 'We are not particularly sure,' says the writer of the article, 'what our friend the etcher means by exhibiting Watts in the position in which he is on the opposite page depicted. The attitude of flying downstairs with a picture under each arm and a countenance indicative of caution is remarkable.' The article begins by assuring the public that Mr. Watts was of low birth, which was really not the fact, and that his name was not 'Alaric Attila' as he asserted, but plain 'Andrew.' The 'Attila' was, of course, a joke of Maginn's. Having exhausted the fun in Watts's own name, he proceeds to play with his wife's. Mrs. Watts had been christened 'Priscilla Maden,' which her husband for poetical purposes twisted into 'Zillah Madonna,' an incautious proceeding in days when nothing was sacred from the baser sort of press-man. The writer then proceeds:

We feel bound to add that it is not very likely in the usual chances of events that such names as Alaric Attila Watts should have met in matrimony with those of Zillah Madonna Wiffen; and an unkind world may suspect a mystification somewhere; if the scraggiest part of the neck of the world should trouble itself about such things. For us it is sufficient to know that such a person exists as a scribbling man.

He has some talent in writing verses on children dying of colic, and a skill in putting together fiddle-faddle fooleries which look pretty in print [a reference to the 'Literary Souvenir']. In other respects, he is forty-one years old, of an unwashed appearance, no particular principles, with well-bitten nails, and a great genius for backbiting. There is not a man to whom he has been under an obligation, from Jerdan to Lockhart, from Theodore Hook to Westmacott, from

Andrews to Whitaker, from Crofton Croker to Carter Hall, from Wordsworth to Byron, from Scott to Southey, from Landseer to Wilkie, from the man who fed him from charity to the man who has from equal charity supported his literary repute, whom he has not in his poor way libelled. We are sorry for it for his own sake ; such a course redounds to a man's mischief.

We cannot be sorry that criticism of this fashion is extinct. Even in its own day this particular article was considered a very advanced specimen of the mystery ; and as Watts had no difficulty in showing, on the evidence of the persons referred to, that not only had he never libelled them, but he had never received their favours, a contemporary jury found the humour of the thing beyond them, and treated it as a libel.

I will now proceed, without further delay, to offer the reader some extracts from the marginalia in a copy of Wordsworth's poems which formerly belonged to Mr. Watts. The candour and directness of the critic will be at once recognised ; and the reader who cannot altogether agree with the judgments expressed will find it a useful exercise to point out where they are at fault. I will quote the lines upon which comment is made, and add the annotation in a parallel column :

YARROW UNVISITED.

We have a vision of our own,  
Ah, why should we undo it ?

Good !

Nothing can be more beautiful than the *sentiment* of this poem, and the *measure* is flowing as the silver Yarrow herself ; but if the severe test which Wordsworth has applied to Gray's sonnet were applied to the poem it would be reduced to a very small compass indeed. Most of the rhymes, such as they are, to the name of the river are very dearly purchased.

ADDRESS TO THE SONS OF BURNS.

'Tis twilight time of good and ill.

Nonsense !

Excellent as is the advice conveyed in these stanzas, they can hardly have been palatable to the persons to whom they were addressed. The poet, in assuming the province of a mentor, would seem to have overlooked the fact that few sons would care to be thus publicly warned against the failings of their father. To whisper in the ear through the trumpet-tongued voice of the public to beware of intemperance is indelicate, to say the least of it.

LUCY GRAY.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
—The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

What does the poet mean by a  
'human door' ? Who ever heard of an  
*inhuman* door ?

She liv'd unknown, and few could know      Silly!  
 When Lucy ceas'd to be;  
 But she is in her grave, and oh,  
 The difference to me!

## WE ARE SEVEN.

There is no doubt that children used to be ignorant of the nature of death, but in modern times no peasant's child would be found as ignorant as Mr. W.'s heroine; and if she were, the silly ignorance of a child would afford no legitimate subject for poetry.

## MATTHEW.

Yet sometimes, when the secret cup  
 Of still and serious thought went round.

Was he a solitary dram drinker?

We walk'd along, while bright and red  
 Uprose the morning sun.

The sun often sets red, but I never  
 knew it to rise red.

She seemed as happy as a wave  
 That dances on the sea.

This is nonsense; a wave can  
 scarcely be called happy.

And many love me; but by none  
 Am I enough beloved.

Wordsworth was always raving about not being enough beloved; but he was a constitutionally selfish man, and loved nothing half so well as himself; as S. T. Coleridge once remarked to me, 'a very worthy man, very fond of himself,' his affected sympathy with rocks, trees, brooks, and flowers serving to excuse his singular want of sympathy with his kind.

## TO THE DAISY.

He need but look about, and there  
 Thou art! A friend at hand, to scare  
     His melancholy.

Why scare? Melancholy may be  
*dispelled*, but is not likely to be  
*frightened away*, by a daisy!

Child of the Year!

The daisy is no more a 'child of the  
 year' than any other annual flower  
 which comes and goes with the season.

## LOUISA.

I met Louisa in the shade,  
 And having seen that lovely maid,  
     Why should I fear to say  
 That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,  
 And down the rocks can leap along  
     Like rivulets in May?

Why, indeed? A mighty athletic  
 young lady! How so robust a young  
 lady could have been nymph-like it is  
 not easy to conceive.

## FIDELITY.

There sometimes does a leaping fish  
 Send through the Tarn a lonely cheer.

Nonsense; fish do not cheer.



## 'SHE WAS A PHANTOM,' &amp;c.

Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair.

Twilight has no hair.

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Here is a flower of the common pilewort apostrophised as a 'star,' an 'elf,' a 'prodigal,' a 'spirit,' a 'prophet,' and finally as the 'herald of a mighty band.' It excels violets, pansies, kingcups, daisies, primroses, and in fact everything else in the world. Can hyperbole go further? And the poet had been thirty years finding out its beauties, although it was like a 'rising sun'!

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

This character of the Happy Warrior is far too indefinite. It would do nearly as well for a Happy Lawyer, a Happy Parson, or a Happy Poet.

## ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!

Absurd!

Thou dost preserve the stars from  
wrong.

Hyperbole!

## 'THREE YEARS SHE GREW.'

Where rivulets dance their wayward  
round.

Nonsense; rivulets do not dance in  
a circle.

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height.

One has heard of good-humour  
making people fat, but never of delight  
making ladies tall!

## A POET'S EPITAPH.

In common things that round us lie

Some random truths he can impart,

The harvest of a quiet eye

*That broods and sleeps on his own  
heart.*

Much praised and quoted, but nor-  
sense nevertheless.

## TO JOANNA.

The description of the echo in this poem, imitated from a passage in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, is admirable, but the poem as a whole is silly and unmeaning. Why the poet should engrave the lady's name upon a rock because she had 'looked into his eyes' and indulged in a horse laugh which called forth the echoes of all the surrounding rocks it is not easy to understand.

## 'A NARROW GIRDLE,' &amp;c.

What are the scope and moral aim of this poem? The poet and two very idle, if 'dear,' companions loiter by the side of Grasmere Lake, watching the progress of the thistle's down upon its surface, watching which way the 'invisible breeze' was tending, when they came upon a man fishing, whom they appear to have considered obnoxious to censure for his idleness. It turned out, however, that the poor man, worn down by sickness, gaunt and lean, was fishing for a dinner for his family. Whereupon the Poet and his 'beloved' friends sentimentalise on the uncharitableness and hastiness of their censure, and agree

to christen the eminence by the somewhat silly designation of 'Point Rash-Judgment,' and to snivel with serious self-reproach over the precipitancy of their strictures. Such themes are rendered sillier than they would otherwise seem by the oracular pomposity of the verse in which they are recorded. Had the spot been called 'Noddledom' it would better have characterised the puerility and inanity of the verse.

## THE IDIOT BOY.

There was no need to explain to us by means of a long and drivelling poem that an affectionate mother will love her child, idiotic or not.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

One impulse from a vernal wood	Pantheistical cant.
May teach you more of man,	
Of moral evil and of good	
Than all the sages can.	

Come forth and bring with you a heart	It is the eye that watches, and the
That watches and receives.	heart that receives.

## GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

We can see no object for rational sympathy in this vicious old tramp, who fell to cursing in a most wicked spirit because she had been caught wantonly destroying 'stick after stick' of a farmer's fences, and who when he found her *in flagrante delicto* let her off easily enough. As for the injunction conveyed in the last two lines, it conveys no moral but that female tramps are to be allowed not only to plunder, but to destroy with impunity. As a composition the poem is sheer drivel.

## TO MY SISTER.

No joyless forms shall regulate	
Our living Calendar:	
We from to-day, my Friend, will date	
The opening of the year.	Yur!
Come forth and <i>feel</i> the sun.	This might be proper if addressed to a blind person.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

My father was a good and pious man,	If a good and pious man he could
An honest man by honest parents bred.	hardly have been other than honest.
I lived upon what casual bounty yields,	How could she live upon bounty
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.	refused?

## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

And 'tis my faith that every flower	Pantheistical cant.
Enjoys the air it breathes.	

## THE LEECH-GATHERER.

A gentle answer did the old man make,	A man does not <i>draw out</i> a speech,
In courteous speech which forth he	as he would a pocket-handkerchief.
slowly <i>drew</i> .	

## ALICE FELL.

A child in getting up behind a chaise entangles her cloak in the wheel. The poet buys her a new one, and then perpetuates his own generosity in a poem.

## BEGGARS.

It would be difficult to discover the aim, moral or literary, of such poems as this. The poet, who goes wandering about the world in search of subjects for his muse, appears to have encountered a very tall beggar-woman of the gypsy order, in a long drab-coloured cloak reaching to her feet, but whether she had on any underclothing or not he of course 'could not know.'<sup>1</sup> She begged of him in the accustomed mendicant whine of her order, and professed to have undergone misfortunes which he assures us 'he knew could not have befallen her,' but gives her what she asks for, thoroughly satisfied that she is an impostor, because she has on a clean cap, and is a creature 'beautiful to see,' 'a weed of glorious feature!' A little further on he falls in with her two children, both of whom importune him for alms. He discovers a resemblance between them and the tall gypsy, which leaves him in no doubt of their parentage, on one side at least. But they insist that their mother is dead. 'Sweet boys,' says the Bard to the young pickpockets, 'you're telling me a lie,' and they, finding that he is not to be done, hurry off in search of some more practicable victim. In the choice of subjects thus strikingly deficient in every requisite we look for in a poem there is surely a great obliquity of taste, a hankering after themes which have nothing but their vulgarity to recommend them. Yet upon incidents hardly better entitled to selection are a large proportion of poems in these volumes founded, incidents not merely repulsive but sometimes absolutely loathsome.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND.

The lines might have been addressed to any other relic of Mr. Wilkinson with equal propriety. To call a spade the 'inspiring mate' of its owner is nonsense; equally so to talk of its 'own dear Lord.' The idea of a spade as a chimney ornament is——!

## 'MY HEART LEAPS UP,' &amp;c.

The Child is Father of the Man;                      Natural piety is, of course, natural  
And I could wish my days to be                      religion, which is pantheism.  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

## 'I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD,' &amp;c.

In this poem the single idea is that of a bed of daffodils 'dancing' in the breeze. As, however, the root of the flower remains without motion, it cannot be said to dance. The image is a false one.

## TO THE DAISY.

Who shall reprove thee?

Reprove a daisy!

But enough has been quoted. It is fair to note on the other side that there are a few poems that Watts praises without stint. The 'Solitary Reaper' he allows to be 'full of graces of style and refinement of feeling'; and the 'Cuckoo' and the 'Remembrance

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth subsequently altered 'What other dress she had I could not know' into 'descending with a graceful flow.'

of Collins' he ranks among the poet's 'most exquisite poems.' The 'Power of Music' is 'a model of simplicity without silliness,' and 'Loud is the Vale' is 'a noble poem, every way worthy of the poet's genius.' But it is the sonnets which rouse his enthusiasm. 'Most of Wordsworth's sonnets,' he says, 'are good, but many of them are absolute perfection; and when it is remembered that he would sometimes occupy a week in polishing a poem of fourteen lines, their completeness is not surprising.' He has some interesting remarks on Wordsworth's corrections of his text. 'Few poets,' he says, 'of any age have made such numerous and important alterations in their poetical writings as Wordsworth. When engaged, in 1825, in negotiations with Messrs. Hurst & Robinson for the publication of a new edition of his works, Mrs. Wordsworth wrote to me to request that I would complete the arrangements as soon as possible, in order that the printing might begin. She urged, as a reason, that her husband would otherwise spoil his poems by repeated alterations. This indecision of taste was a sign of weakness, and a practical refutation of the principles on which his poems profess to have been written. His sonnets on the "River Duddon" and the poems which were associated with them were virtually a repudiation of the theory with which he originally set out; and from that moment he seemed desirous of making his earlier works harmonise with them.' That is an interesting theory, and one which, if opportunity offered, it would be worth while investigating. Mr. Watts continues: 'Few great modern poets have altered their pieces to any great extent, and if Akenside, Falconer, and one or two others who will readily suggest themselves be excepted, there is hardly one of our great poets who have exhibited any indecision whatever. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Butler, Churchill and Prior, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Beattie, Gray, and of our moderns, Byron, Campbell, Rogers, Moore, Crabbe, Coleridge, Scott, Joanna Baillie, have shown no such indecision, having left their works to posterity with little or no alteration or emendation. They felt their strength, and relied upon it.' It would be interesting to learn whether there has been preserved a copy of Tennyson's Poems in which Alaric Watts has expressed himself with the same freedom and pungency about that great man as about his predecessor in the laureateship. In the first edition of 'Men of the Time' (1856), which Watts projected and edited, he allows Tennyson a third of the space reserved for himself.

H. C. B.

*THE FOUR FEATHERS.*<sup>1</sup>

BY A. E. W. MASON.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY RETIRES.

ETHNE had entirely forgotten even Colonel Durrance's existence. From the moment when Captain Willoughby pronounced his name and put that little soiled feather which had once been white, and was now yellow, into her hand, she had no thought for anyone but Harry Feversham. She had carried Willoughby into that enclosure, and his story had absorbed her and kept her memory on the rack, as she filled out with this or that recollected detail of Harry's gestures, or voice, or looks, the deficiencies in her companion's narrative. She had been swept away from that August garden of sunlight and coloured flowers, and those five most weary years during which she had held her head high and greeted the world with a smile of courage were blotted from her experience. How weary they had been perhaps she never knew until she raised her head and saw Durrance at the entrance in the hedge.

'Hush!' she said to Willoughby, and her face paled and her eyes shut tight for a moment with a spasm of pain. But she had no time to spare for any indulgence of her feelings. Her few minutes' talk with Captain Willoughby had been a holiday, but the holiday was over. She must take up again the responsibilities with which those five years had charged her, and at once. If she could not accomplish that hard task of forgetting—and she now knew very well that she never would accomplish it—she must do the next best thing, and give no sign that she had not forgotten. Durrance must continue to believe that she brought more than friendship into the marriage account.

He stood in the very entrance to the enclosure, he advanced into it. He was so quick to guess, it was not wise that he should meet Captain Willoughby or even know of his coming. Ethne looked about her for an escape, knowing very well that she would

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1902, by A. E. W. Mason in the United States of America.  
VOL. XII.—NO. 72, N.S.

look in vain. The creek was in front of them, and three walls of high thick hedge girt them in behind and at the sides. There was but one entrance to this enclosure, and Durrance himself barred the path to it.

‘Keep still,’ she said in a whisper. ‘You know him?’

‘Of course. We were together for three years at Suakin. I heard that he had gone blind. I am glad to know that it is not true.’ This he said, noticing the freedom of Durrance’s gait.

‘Speak lower,’ returned Ethne. ‘It is true. He *is* blind.’

‘One would never have thought it. Consolations seem so futile. What can I say to him?’

‘Say nothing!’

Durrance was still standing just within the enclosure, and, as it seemed, looking straight towards the two people seated on the bench.

‘Ethne,’ he said, rather than called; and the quiet unquestioning voice made the illusion that he saw extraordinarily complete.

‘It’s impossible that he is blind,’ said Willoughby. ‘He sees us.’

‘He sees nothing.’

Again Durrance called ‘Ethne,’ but now in a louder voice and a voice of doubt.

‘Do you hear? He is not sure,’ whispered Ethne, ‘Keep very still.’

‘Why?’

‘He must not know you are here,’ and lest Willoughby should move she caught his arm tight in her hand. Willoughby did not pursue his inquiries. Ethne’s manner constrained him to silence. She sat very still, still as she wished him to sit, and in a queer huddled attitude; she was even holding her breath; she was staring at Durrance with a great fear in her eyes; her face was strained forward, and not a muscle of it moved, so that Willoughby, as he looked at her, was conscious of a certain excitement, which grew on him for no reason but her remarkable apprehension. He began unaccountably himself to fear lest he and she should be discovered.

‘He is coming towards us,’ he whispered.

‘Not a word—not a movement.’

‘Ethne,’ Durrance cried again. He advanced further into the enclosure and towards the seat. Ethne and Captain Willoughby sat rigid, watching him with their eyes. He passed in front of the bench and stopped actually facing them. Surely, thought

Willoughby, he sees. His eyes were upon them; he stood easily, as though he were about to speak. Even Ethne, though she very well knew that he did not see, began to doubt her knowledge.

'Ethne!' he said again, and this time in the quiet voice which he had first used. But since again no answer came, he shrugged his shoulders and turned towards the creek. His back was towards them now, but Ethne's experience had taught her to appreciate almost indefinable signs in his bearing, since nowadays his face showed her so little. Something in his attitude, in the poise of his head, even in the carelessness with which he swung his stick, told her that he was listening, and listening with all his might. Her grasp tightened on Willoughby's arm. Thus they remained for the space of a minute, and then Durrance turned suddenly and took a quick step towards the seat. Ethne, however, by this time knew the man and his ingenuities; she was prepared for some such unexpected movement. She did not stir, there was not audible the merest rustle of her skirt, and her grip still constrained Willoughby.

'I wonder where in the world she can be,' said Durrance to himself aloud, and he walked back and out of the enclosure. Ethne did not free Captain Willoughby's arm until Durrance had disappeared from sight.

'That was a close shave,' Willoughby said when at last he was allowed to speak. 'Suppose that Durrance had sat down on the top of us?'

'Why suppose, since he did not?' Ethne asked calmly. 'You have told me everything?'

'So far as I remember.'

'And all that you have told me happened in the spring?'

'The spring of last year,' said Willoughby.

'Yes. I want to ask you a question. Why did you not bring this feather to me last summer?'

'Last year my leave was short. I spent it in the hills north of Suakin after ibex.'

'I see,' said Ethne quietly; 'I hope you had good sport.'

'It wasn't bad.'

Last summer Ethne had been free. If Willoughby had come home with his good news instead of shooting ibex on Jebel Araft, it would have made all the difference in her life, and the cry was loud at her heart: 'Why didn't you come?' But outwardly she gave no sign of the irreparable harm which Willoughby's delay had

brought about. She had the self-command of a woman who has been sorely tried, and she spoke so unconcernedly that Willoughby believed her questions prompted by the merest curiosity.

‘You might have written,’ she suggested.

‘Feversham did not suggest that there was any hurry. It would have been a long and difficult matter to explain in a letter. He asked me to go to you when I had an opportunity, and I had no opportunity before. To tell the truth, I thought it very likely that I might find Feversham had come back before me.’

‘Oh no,’ returned Ethne, ‘there could be no possibility of that. The other two feathers still remain to be redeemed before he will ask me to take back mine.’

Willoughby shook his head. ‘Feversham can never persuade Castleton and Trench to cancel their accusations as he persuaded me.’

‘Why not?’

‘Major Castleton was killed when the square was broken at Tamai.’

‘Killed?’ cried Ethne, and she laughed in a short and satisfied way. Willoughby turned and stared at her, disbelieving the evidence of his ears. But her face showed him quite clearly that she was thoroughly pleased. Ethne was a Celt, and she had the Celtic feeling that death was not a very important matter. She could hate, too, and she could be hard as iron to the men she hated. And these three men she hated exceedingly. It was true that she had agreed with them, that she had given a feather, the fourth feather, to Harry Feversham just to show that she agreed, but she did not trouble her head about that. She was very glad to hear that Major Castleton was out of the world and done with.

‘And Colonel Trench too?’ she said.

‘No,’ Willoughby answered. ‘You are disappointed? But he is even worse off than that. He was captured when engaged on a reconnaissance. He is now a prisoner in Omdurman.’

‘Ah!’ said Ethne, and she looked pleased.

‘I don’t think you can have any idea,’ said Willoughby severely, ‘of what captivity in Omdurman implies. If you had, however much you disliked the captive, you would feel some pity.’

‘Not I,’ said Ethne stubbornly.

‘I will tell you something of what it does imply.’

‘No. I don’t wish to hear of Colonel Trench. Besides, you must go. I want you to tell me one thing first,’ said she as she



rose from her seat. 'What became of Mr. Feversham after he had given you that feather?'

'I told him that he had done everything which could be reasonably expected; and he accepted my advice. For he went on board the first steamer which touched at Suakin on its way to Suez, and so left the Soudan.'

'I must find out where he is. He must come back. Did he need money?'

'No. He still drew his allowance from his father. He told me that he had more than enough.'

'I am glad of that,' said Ethne, and she bade Willoughby wait within the enclosure until she returned, and went out by herself to see that the way was clear. The garden was quite empty. Durrance had disappeared from it, and the great stone terrace of the house and the house itself, with its striped sunblinds, looked a place of sleep. It was getting towards one o'clock, and the very birds were quiet amongst the trees. Indeed the quietude of the garden struck upon Ethne's senses as something almost strange. Only the bees hummed drowsily about the flower-beds, and the voice of a lad was heard calling from the slopes of meadow on the far side of the creek. She returned to Captain Willoughby.

'You can go now,' she said. 'I cannot pretend friendship for you, Captain Willoughby, but it was kind of you to find me out and tell me your story. You are going back at once to Kingsbridge? I hope so. For I do not wish Colonel Durrance to know of your visit or anything of what you have told me.'

'Durrance was a friend of Feversham's—his great friend,' Willoughby objected.

'He is quite unaware that any feathers were sent to Mr. Feversham, so there is no need he should be informed that one of them has been taken back,' Ethne answered. 'He does not know why my engagement to Mr. Feversham was broken off. I do not wish him to know. Your story would enlighten him, and he must not be enlightened.'

'Why?' asked Willoughby. He was obstinate by nature, and he meant to have the reason for silence before he promised to keep it. Ethne gave it to him at once very simply.

'I am engaged to Colonel Durrance,' she said. It was her fear that Durrance already suspected that no stronger feeling than friendship attached her to him. If once he heard that the fault which broke her engagement to Harry Feversham had

been most bravely atoned, there could be no doubt as to the course which he would insist upon pursuing. He would strip himself of her, the one thing left to him, and that she was stubbornly determined he should not do. She was bound to him in honour, and it would be a poor way of manifesting her joy that Harry Feversham had redeemed his if she straightway sacrificed her own.

Captain Willoughby pursed up his lips and whistled.

'Engaged to Jack Durrance!' he exclaimed. 'Then I seem to have wasted my time in bringing you that feather,' and he pointed towards it. She was holding it in her open hand, and she drew her hand sharply away, as though she feared for a moment that he meant to rob her of it.

'I am most grateful for it,' she returned.

'It's a bit of a muddle, isn't it?' Willoughby remarked. 'It seems a little rough on Feversham perhaps, that? It's a little rough on Jack Durrance, too, when you come to think of it.' Then he looked at Ethne. He noticed her careful handling of the feather; he remembered something of the glowing look with which she had listened to his story, something of the eager tones in which she had put her questions; and he added: 'I shouldn't wonder if it was rather rough on you too, Miss Eustace.'

Ethne did not answer him, and they walked together out of the enclosure towards the spot where Willoughby had moored his boat. She hurried him down the bank to the water's edge, intent that he should sail away unperceived.

But Ethne had counted without Mrs. Adair, who all that morning had seen much in Ethne's movements to interest her. From the drawing-room window she had watched Ethne and Durrance meet at the foot of the terrace-steps, she had seen them walk together towards the estuary, she had noticed Willoughby's boat as it ran aground in the wide gap between the trees, she had seen a man disembark, and Ethne go forward to meet him. Mrs. Adair was not the woman to leave her post of observation at such a moment, and from the cover of the curtains she continued to watch with all the curiosity of a woman in a village who draws down the blind, that unobserved she may get a better peep at the stranger passing down the street. Ethne and the man from the boat turned away and disappeared amongst the trees, leaving Durrance forgotten and alone. Mrs. Adair thought at once of that enclosure at the water's edge. The conversation lasted for

some while, and after some minutes, when the couple did not reappear, a question flashed into her mind. 'Could the stranger be Harry Feversham?' Ethne had no friends in this part of the world. The question pressed upon Mrs. Adair. She longed for an answer, and of course for that particular answer which would convict Ethne Eustace of duplicity. Her interest grew into an excitement when she saw Durrance, tired of waiting, follow upon Ethne's steps. But what followed was to interest her still more.

Durrance reappeared, to her surprise alone, and came straight to the house, up the terrace, into the drawing-room.

'Have you seen Ethne?' he asked.

'Is she not in the little garden by the water?' Mrs. Adair asked.

'No. I went into it and called to her. It was empty.'

'Indeed,' said Mrs. Adair. 'Then I don't know where she is. Are you going?'

'Yes, home.'

Mrs. Adair made no effort to detain him at that moment.

'Perhaps you will come in and dine to-night. Eight o'clock.'

'Thanks, very much. I shall be pleased,' said Durrance, but he did not immediately go. He stood by the window idly swinging to and fro the tassel of the blind.

'I did not know until to-day that it was your plan that I should come home, and Ethne stay with you until I found out whether a cure was likely or possible. It was very kind of you, Mrs. Adair, and I am grateful.'

'It was a natural plan to propose as soon as I heard of your ill-luck.'

'And when was that?' he asked unconcernedly. 'The day after Calder's telegram reached her from Wadi Halfa, I suppose.'

Mrs. Adair was not deceived by his attitude of carelessness. She realised that his expression of gratitude had deliberately led up to this question.

'Oh, so you knew of that telegram,' she said. 'I thought you did not.' For Ethne had asked her not to mention it on the very day when Durrance returned to England.

'Of course I knew of it,' he returned, and without waiting any longer for an answer he went out on to the terrace.

Mrs. Adair dismissed for the moment the mystery of the telegram. She was occupied by her conjecture that in the little

garden by the water's edge Durrance had stood and called aloud for Ethne, while within twelve yards of him, perhaps actually within his reach, she and someone else had kept very still and given no answer. Her conjecture was proved true. She saw Ethne and her companion come out again on to the open lawn. Was it Feversham? She must have an answer to that question. She saw them descend the bank towards the boat, and, stepping from her window, ran.

Thus it happened that as Willoughby rose from loosening the painter, he saw Mrs. Adair's disappointed eyes gazing into his. Mrs. Adair called to Ethne, who stood by Captain Willoughby, and came down the bank to them.

'I noticed you cross the lawn from the drawing-room window,' she said.

'Yes?' answered Ethne, and she said no more. Mrs. Adair, however, did not move away, and an awkward pause followed. Ethne was forced to give in.

'I was talking to Captain Willoughby,' and she turned to him. 'You do not know Mrs. Adair I think?'

'No,' he replied as he raised his hat. 'But I know Mrs. Adair very well by name. I know friends of yours, Mrs. Adair—Durrance, for instance; and of course I knew——'

A glance from Ethne brought him abruptly to a stop. He began vigorously to push the nose of his boat from the sand.

'Of course, what?' asked Mrs. Adair with a smile.

'Of course I knew of you, Mrs. Adair.'

Mrs. Adair was quite clear that this was not what Willoughby had been on the point of saying when Ethne turned her eyes quietly upon him and cut him short. He was on the point of adding another name. 'Captain Willoughby,' she repeated to herself. Then she said:

'You belong to Colonel Durrance's regiment perhaps?'

'No, I belong to the North Surrey,' he answered.

'Ah! Mr. Feversham's old regiment,' said Mrs. Adair pleasantly. Captain Willoughby had fallen into her little trap with a guilelessness which provoked in her a desire for a closer acquaintanceship. Whatever Willoughby knew it would be easy to extract. Ethne, however, had disconcerting ways which at times left Mrs. Adair at a loss. She looked now straight into Mrs. Adair's eyes and said calmly:

'Captain Willoughby and I have been talking of Mr. Fever-

sham.' At the same time she held out her hand to the Captain. 'Good-bye,' she said.

Mrs. Adair hastily interrupted.

'Colonel Durrance has gone home, but he dines with us to-night. I came out to tell you that, but I am glad that I came, for it gives me the opportunity to ask your friend to lunch with us if he will.'

Captain Willoughby, who already had one leg over the bows of his boat, withdrew it with alacrity.

'It's awfully good of you, Mrs. Adair,' he began.

'It is very kind indeed,' Ethne continued, 'but Captain Willoughby has reminded me that his leave is very short, and we have no right to detain him. Good-bye.'

Captain Willoughby gazed with a vain appeal upon Miss Eustace. He had travelled all night from London, he had made the scantiest breakfast at Kingsbridge, and the notion of lunch appealed to him particularly at that moment. But her eyes rested on his with a quiet and inexorable command. He bowed, got ruefully into his boat, and pushed off from the shore.

'It's a little bit rough on me too, perhaps, Miss Eustace,' he said. Ethne laughed and returned to the terrace with Mrs. Adair. Once or twice she opened the palm of her hand and disclosed to her companion's view a small white feather, at which she laughed again, and with a clear and rather low laugh. But she gave no explanation of Captain Willoughby's errand. Had she been in Mrs. Adair's place she would not have expected one. It was her business and only hers.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MUSOLINE OVERTURE.

MRS. ADAIR, on her side, asked for no explanations. She was naturally behind her pale and placid countenance a woman of a tortuous and intriguing mind. She preferred to look through a keyhole even when she could walk straight in at the door; and knowledge which could be gained by a little manœuvring was always more desirable and precious in her eyes than any information which a simple question would elicit. She avoided, indeed, the direct question on a perverted sort of principle, and she

thought a day very well spent if at the close of it she had outwitted a companion into telling her spontaneously some trivial and unimportant piece of news which a straightforward request would have at once secured for her at breakfast time.

Therefore, though she was mystified by the little white feather upon which Ethne seemed to set so much store, and wondered at the good news of Harry Feversham which Captain Willoughby had brought, and vainly puzzled her brains in conjecture as to what in the world could have happened on that night at Ramelton so many years ago, she betrayed nothing whatever of her perplexity all through lunch; on the contrary, she plied her guest with conversation upon indifferent topics. Mrs. Adair could be good company when she chose, and she chose now. But it was not to any purpose.

'I don't believe that you hear a single word I am saying,' she exclaimed.

Ethne laughed and pleaded guilty. She betook herself to her room as soon as lunch was finished, and allowed herself an afternoon of solitude. Sitting at her window she repeated slowly the story which Willoughby had told to her that morning, and her heart thrilled to it as to music divinely played. The regret that he had not come home and told it a year ago, when she was free, was a small thing in comparison with the story itself. It could not outweigh the great gladness which that brought to her—it had, indeed, completely vanished from her thoughts. Her pride, which had never quite recovered from the blow which Harry Feversham had dealt to her in the hall at Lennon House, was quite restored, and by the man who had dealt the blow. She was aglow with it, and most grateful to Harry Feversham for that he had, at so much peril to himself, restored it. She was conscious of a new exhilaration in the sunlight, of a quicker pulsation in her blood. Her youth was given back to her upon that August afternoon.

Ethne unlocked a drawer in her dressing-case, and took from it the portrait which she had kept alone of all Harry Feversham's presents. She rejoiced that she had kept it. It was the portrait of someone who was dead to her—that she knew very well, for there was no thought of disloyalty towards Durrance in her breast—but the someone was a friend. She looked at it with a great happiness and contentment, because Harry Feversham had needed no expression of faith from her to inspire him and no encouragement from her to keep him through the years on the level of his

high inspiration. When she put it back again, she laid the white feather in the drawer with it and locked them up together.

She came back to her window. Out upon the lawn a light breeze made the shadows from the high trees dance, the sunlight mellowed and reddened. But Ethne was of her county, as Harry Feversham had long ago discovered, and her heart yearned for it at this moment. It was the month of August. The first of the heather would be out upon the hillsides of Donegal, and she wished that the good news had been brought to her there. The regret that it had not was her crumpled rose-leaf. Here she was in a strange land; there the brown mountains, with their outcroppings of granite and the voices of the streams, would have shared, she almost thought, in her new happiness. Great sorrows or great joys had this in common for Ethne Eustace—they both drew her homewards, since there endurance was more easy and gladness more complete.

She had, however, one living tie with Donegal at her side, for Durrance's old collie dog had become her inseparable companion. To him she made her confidence, and if at times her voice broke in tears, why the dog would not tell. She came to understand much which Willoughby had omitted, and which Feversham had never told. Those three years of concealment in the small and crowded city of Suakin, for instance, with the troops marching out to battle, and returning dust-strewn and bleeding and laurelled with victory. Harry Feversham had to slink away at their approach, lest some old friend of his—Durrance, perhaps, or Willoughby or Trench—should notice him and penetrate his disguise. The panic which had beset him when first he saw the dark brown walls of Berber, the night in the ruined acres, the stumbling search for the well amongst the shifting sandhills of Obak—Ethne had vivid pictures of these incidents, and as she thought of each she asked herself, 'Where was I then? What was I doing?'

She sat in a golden mist until the lights began to change upon the still water of the creek, and the rooks wheeled noisily out from the tree tops to sort themselves for the night, and warned her of evening.

She brought to the dinner-table that night a buoyancy of spirit which surprised her companions. Mrs. Adair had to admit that seldom had her eyes shone so starrily, or the colour so freshly graced her cheeks. She was more than ever certain that



Captain Willoughby had brought stirring news; she was more than ever tortured by her vain efforts to guess its nature. But Mrs. Adair, in spite of her perplexities, took her share in the talk, and that dinner passed with a freedom from embarrassment unknown since Durrance had come home to Guessens. For he, too, threw off a burden of restraint; his spirits rose to match Ethne's; he answered laugh with laugh, and from his face that habitual look of tension, the look of a man listening with all his might that his ears might make good the loss of his eyes, passed altogether away.

'You will play on your violin to-night, I think,' he said with a smile as they rose from the table.

'Yes,' she answered, 'I will—with all my heart.'

Durrance laughed and held open the door. The violin had remained locked in its case during these last two months. Durrance had come to look upon that violin as a gauge and test. If the world was going well with Ethne, the case was unlocked, the instrument was allowed to speak; if the world went ill, it was kept silent lest it should say too much, and open old wounds and lay them bare to other eyes. Ethne herself knew it for an indiscreet friend. But it was to be brought out to-night.

Mrs. Adair lingered until Ethne was out of earshot.

'You have noticed the change in her to-night?' she said.

'Yes. Have I not?' answered Durrance. 'One has waited for it, hoped for it, despaired of it.'

'Are you so glad of the change?'

Durrance threw back his head. 'Do you wonder that I am glad? Kind, friendly, unselfish—these things she has always been. But there is more than friendliness evident to-night, and for the first time evident.'

There came a look of pity upon Mrs. Adair's face, and she passed out of the room without another word. Durrance took all of that great change in Ethne to himself. Mrs. Adair drew up the blinds of the drawing-room, opened the window and let the moonlight in; and then, as she saw Ethne unlocking the case of her violin, she went out on to the terrace. She felt that she could not sit patiently in her company. So that when Durrance entered the drawing-room he found Ethne alone there. She was seated in the window, and already tightening the strings of her violin. Durrance took a chair behind her in the shadows.

'What shall I play to you?' she asked.



'The Musoline Overture,' he answered. 'You played it on the first evening when I came to Ramelton. I remember so well how you played it then. Play it again to-night. I want to compare.'

'I have played it since.'

'Never to me.'

They were alone in the room; the windows stood open; it was a night of moonlight. Ethne suddenly crossed to the lamp and put it out. She resumed her seat, while Durrance remained in the shadow, leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, listening—but with an intentness of which he had given no sign that evening. He was applying, as he thought, a final test upon which his life and hers should be decided. Ethne's violin would tell him assuredly whether he was right or no. Would friendship speak from it or the something more than friendship? He seemed a figure of wax posed there as a jest.

Ethne played the overture, and as she played she forgot that Durrance was in the room behind her. In the garden the air was still and summer warm and fragrant; on the creek the moonlight lay like a solid floor of silver; the trees stood dreaming to the stars; and as the music floated loud out across the silent lawn, Ethne had a sudden fancy that it might perhaps travel down the creek and over Salcombe Bar and across the moonlit seas, and strike small yet wonderfully clear like fairy music upon the ears of a man sleeping somewhere far away beneath the brightness of the southern stars with the cool night wind of the desert blowing upon his face.

'If he could only hear!' she thought. 'If he could only wake and know that what he heard was a message of friendship!'

And with this fancy in her mind she played with such skill as she had never used before; she made of her violin a voice of sympathy. The fancy grew and changed as she played. The music became a bridge swung in mid-air across the world, upon which just for these few minutes she and Harry Feversham might meet and shake hands. They would separate, of course, forthwith, and each one go upon the allotted way. But these few minutes would be a help to both along the separate ways. The chords rang upon silence. It seemed to Ethne that they declaimed the pride which had come to her that day. Her fancy grew into a belief. It was no longer 'If he should hear!' but 'He *must* hear!' And so carried away was she from the discretion of

thought that a strange hope suddenly sprung up and enthralled her.

‘If he could answer!’

She lingered upon the last bars, waiting for the answer; and when the music had died down to silence she sat with her violin upon her knees, looking eagerly out across the moonlit garden.

And an answer did come, but it was not carried up the creek and across the lawn. It came from the dark shadows of the room behind her, and it was spoken through the voice of Durrance.

‘Ethne, where do you think I heard that overture last played?’

Ethne was roused with a start to the consciousness that Durrance was in the room, and she answered like one shaken suddenly out of sleep.

‘Why, you told me. At Ramelton, when you first came to Lennon House.’

‘I have heard it since, though it was not played by you. It was not really played at all. But a melody of it, and not even that really, but a suggestion of a melody I heard stumbled out upon a zither, with many false notes, by a Greek in a bare little whitewashed café lit by one glaring lamp at Wadi Halfa.’

‘This overture?’ she said. ‘How strange!’

‘Not so strange after all. For the Greek was Harry Feversham.’

So the answer had come. Ethne had no doubt that it was an answer. She sat very still in the moonlight; only had anyone bent over her with eyes to see, he would have discovered that her eyelids were closed. There followed a long silence. She did not consider why Durrance, having kept this knowledge secret so long, should speak of it. She did not ask what Harry Feversham was doing that he must play the zither in a mean café at Wadi Halfa. But it seemed to her that he had spoken to her as she to him. The music had, after all, been a bridge. It was not even strange that he had used Durrance’s voice wherewith to speak to her.

‘When was this?’ she asked at length.

‘In February of this year. I will tell you about it.’

‘Yes please, tell me.’

And Durrance spoke out of the shadows of the room.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE ANSWER TO THE OVERTURE.

ETHNE did not turn towards Durrance or move at all from her attitude. She sat with her violin upon her knees, looking across the moonlit garden to the band of silver in the gap of the trees; and she kept her position deliberately. For it helped her to believe that Harry Feversham himself was speaking to her, she was able to forget that he was speaking through the voice of Durrance. She almost forgot that Durrance was even in the room. She listened with Durrance's own intentness, and anxious that the voice should speak very slowly, so that the message might take a long time in the telling, and she gather it all jealously to her heart.

'It was on the night before I started eastwards into desert—for the last time,' said Durrance, and the deep longing and regret with which he dwelt upon that 'last time' for once left Ethne quite untouched.

'Yes,' she said. 'That was in February. The middle of the month, wasn't it? Do you remember the day? I should like to know the exact day if you can tell me.'

'The fifteenth,' said Durrance; and Ethne repeated the date meditatively.

'I was at Glenalla all February,' she said. 'What was I doing on the fifteenth? It does not matter.'

She had felt a queer sort of surprise all the time while Willoughby was telling his story that morning that she had not known, by some instinct, of these incidents at the actual moment of their occurrence. The surprise returned to her now. It was strange that she should have had to wait for this August night and this summer garden of moonlight and closed flowers before she learned of this meeting between Feversham and Durrance on February 15 and heard the message. And remorse came to her because of that delay. 'It was my own fault,' she said to herself. 'If I had kept my faith in him I should have known at once. I am well punished.' It did not at all occur to her that the message could convey any but the best of news. It would carry on the good tidings which she had already heard. It would

enlarge and complete, so that this day might be rounded to perfection. Of this she was quite sure.

‘Well?’ she said. ‘Go on!’

‘I had been busy all that day in my office finishing up my work. I turned the key in the door at ten o’clock, thinking with relief that for six weeks I should not open it, and I strolled northwards out of Wadi Halfa along the Nile bank into the little town of Tewfikieh. As I entered the main street I saw a small crowd—Arabs, negroes, a Greek or two, and some Egyptian soldiers, standing outside the café, and lit up by a glare of light from within. As I came nearer I heard the sound of a violin and a zither, both most vilely played, jingling out a waltz. I stood at the back of the crowd and looked over the shoulders of the men in front of me into the room. It was a place of four bare white-washed walls, a bar stood in one corner, a wooden bench or two were ranged against the walls, and a couple of unshaded paraffin lamps swung and glared from the ceiling. A troupe of itinerant musicians were playing to that crowd of negroes and Arabs and Egyptians for a night’s lodging and the price of a meal. There were four of them, and, so far as I could see, all four were Greeks. Two were evidently man and wife. They were both old, both slatternly and almost in rags; the man a thin, sallow-faced fellow, with grey hair and a black moustache; the woman fat, coarse of face, unwieldy of body. Of the other two, one it seemed must be their daughter, a girl of seventeen, not good-looking really, but dressed and turned out with a scrupulous care, which in those sordid and mean surroundings lent her good looks. The care, indeed, with which she was dressed assured me she was their daughter, and, to tell the truth, I was rather touched by the thought that the father and mother would go in rags so that she at all costs might be trim. A clean ribbon bound back her hair, an untorn frock of some white stuff clothed her tidily; even her shoes were neat. The fourth was a young man; he was seated in the window, with his back towards me, bending over his zither. But I could see that he wore a beard. When I came up the old man was playing the violin, though playing is not indeed the word. The noise he made was more like the squeaking of a pencil on a slate; it set one’s teeth on edge; the violin itself seemed to squeal with pain. And while he fiddled, and the young man hammered at his zither, the old woman and the girl slowly revolved in a waltz. It may sound comic to hear about, but if

you could have seen! . . . It fairly plucked at one's heart. I do not think that I have ever in my life witnessed anything quite so sad. The little crowd outside, negroes, mind you, laughing at the troupe, passing from one to the other any sort of low jest at their expense, and inside the four white people—the old woman, clumsy, heavy-footed, shining with heat, lumbering round slowly, panting with her exertions; the girl, lissom and young; the two men with their discordant, torturing music; and just above you the great planets and stars of an African sky, and just about you the great silent and spacious dignity of the moonlit desert. Imagine it! The very ineptness of the entertainment actually hurt one.'

He paused for a moment, while Ethne pictured to herself the scene which she had described. She saw Harry Feversham bending over his zither, and at once she asked herself, 'What was he doing with that troupe?' It was intelligible enough that he would not care to return to England. It was certain that he would not come back to her, unless she sent for him. And she knew from what Captain Willoughby had said that he expected no message from her. He had not left with Willoughby the name of any place where a letter could reach him. But what was he doing at Wadi Halfa, masquerading with this itinerant troupe? He had money: so much Willoughby had told her.

'You spoke to him?' she asked suddenly.

'To whom? Oh, to Harry?' returned Durrance. 'Yes, afterwards, when I found out it was he who was playing the zither?'

'Yes, how did you find out?' Ethne asked.

'The waltz came to an end. The old woman sank exhausted upon the bench against the whitewashed wall; the young man raised his head from his zither; the old man scraped a new chord upon his violin, and the girl stood forward to sing. Her voice had youth and freshness, but no other quality of music. Her singing was as inept as the rest of the entertainment. Yet the old man smiled, the mother beat time with her heavy foot, and nodded at her husband with pride in their daughter's accomplishment. And again in the throng the ill-conditioned talk, the untranslatable jests of the Arabs and the negroes went their round. It was horrible, don't you think?'

'Yes,' answered Ethne, but slowly in an absent voice. As she had felt no sympathy for Durrance when he began to speak,

so she had none to spare for these three outcasts of fortune. She was too absorbed in the mystery of Harry Feversham's presence at Wadi Halfa. She was listening too closely for the message which he sent to her. Through the open window the moon threw a broad panel of silver light upon the floor of the room close to her feet. She sat gazing into it as she listened, as though it was itself a window through which, if she looked but hard enough, she might see, very small and far away, that lighted café blazing upon the street of the little town of Tewfikieh on the frontier of the Soudan.

'Well?' she asked. 'And after the song was ended?'

'The young man with his back towards me,' Durrance resumed, 'began to fumble out a solo upon the zither. He struck so many false notes, no tune was to be apprehended at the first. The laughter and noise grew amongst the crowd, and I was just turning away, rather sick at heart, when some notes, a succession of notes played correctly by chance, suddenly arrested me. I listened again, and a sort of haunting melody began to emerge—a weak thin thing with no soul in it, a ghost of a melody, and yet familiar. I stood listening in the street of sand, between the hovels fringed by a row of stunted trees, and I was carried away out of the East to Ramelton and to a summer night beneath a melting sky of Donegal, when you sat by the open window as you sit now and played the Musoline Overture, which you have played again to-night.'

'It was a melody from this overture?' she exclaimed.

'Yes, and it was Harry Feversham who played the melody. I did not guess it at once. I was not very quick in those days.'

'But you are now,' said Ethne.

'Quicker, at all events. I should have guessed it now. Then, however, I was only curious. I wondered how it was that an itinerant Greek came to pick up the tune. At all events, I determined to reward him for his diligence. I thought that you would like me to.'

'Yes,' said Ethne in a whisper.

'So, when he came out from the café, and with his hat in his hand passed through the jeering crowd, I threw a sovereign into the hat. He turned to me with a start of surprise. In spite of his beard I knew him. Besides, before he could check himself, he cried out "Jack!"'

'You can have made no mistake, then,' said Ethne in a wondering voice. 'No, the man who strummed upon the zither was——' the Christian name was upon her lips, but she had the wit to catch it back unuttered—'was Mr. Feversham. But he knew no music. I remember very well.' She laughed with a momentary recollection of Feversham's utter inability to appreciate any music except that which she herself evoked from her violin. 'He had no ear. You couldn't invent a discord harsh enough even to attract his attention. He could never have remembered any melody from the *Musoline Overture*.'

'Yet it was Harry Feversham,' he answered. 'Somehow he had remembered. I can understand it. He would have so little he cared to remember, and that little he would have striven with all his might to bring clearly back to mind. Somehow, too, by much practice, I suppose, he had managed to elicit from his zither some sort of resemblance to what he remembered. Can't you imagine him working the scrap of music out in his brain, humming it over, whistling it uncounted times with perpetual errors and confusions, until some fine day he got it safe and sure and fixed it in his thoughts? I can. Can't you imagine him then picking it out sedulously and laboriously on the strings? I can. Indeed, I can.'

Thus Ethne got her answer, and Durrance interpreted it to her understanding. She sat silent and very deeply moved by the story he had told to her. It was fitting that this overture, her favourite piece of music, should convey the message that he had not forgotten her, that in spite of the fourth white feather he thought of her with friendship. Harry Feversham had not striven so laboriously to learn that melody in vain. Ethne was stirred as she had thought nothing would ever again have the power to stir her. She wondered whether Harry, as he sat in the little bare whitewashed café, and strummed out his music to the negroes and Greeks and Arabs gathered about the window, had dreamed, as she had done to-night, that somehow, thin and feeble as it was, some echo of the melody might reach across the world. She knew now for very certain that, however much she might in the future pretend to forget Harry Feversham, it would never be more than a pretence. The vision of the lighted café in the desert town would never be very far from her thoughts, but she had no intention of relaxing on that account from her determination to pretend to forget. The mere knowledge that she



had at one time been unjustly harsh to Harry made her yet more resolved that Durrance should not suffer for any fault of hers.

'I told you last year, Ethne, at Hill Street,' Durrance resumed, 'that I never wished to see Feversham again. I was wrong. The reluctance was all on his side and not at all on mine. For the moment that he realised he had called out my name he tried to edge backwards from me into the crowd, he began to gabble Greek, but I caught him by the arm, and I would not let him go. He had done you some great wrong. That I know; that I knew. But I could not remember it then. I only remembered that years before Harry Feversham had been my friend, my one great friend; that we had rowed in the same college boat at Oxford, he at stroke, I at seven; that the stripes on his jersey during three successive eights had made my eyes dizzy during those last hundred yards of spurt past the barges. We had bathed together in Sandford Lasher on summer afternoons. We had had supper on Kennington Island; we had cut lectures and paddled up the Cher to Islip. And here he was at Wadi Halfa, herding with that troupe, an outcast, sunk to such a depth of ill-fortune that he must come to that squalid little town and play the zither vilely before a crowd of natives and a few Greek clerks for his night's lodging and the price of a meal.'

'No,' Ethne interrupted suddenly. 'It was not for that reason that he went to Wadi Halfa.'

'Why, then?' asked Durrance.

'I cannot think. But he was not in any need of money. His father had continued his allowance, and he had accepted it.'

'You are sure?'

'Quite sure. I heard it only to-day,' said Ethne.

It was a slip, but Ethne for once was off her guard that night. She did not even notice that she had made a slip. She was too engrossed in Durrance's story. Durrance himself, however, was not less preoccupied, and so the statement passed for the moment unobserved by either.

'So you never knew what brought Mr. Feversham to Halfa?' she asked. 'Did you not ask him? Why didn't you? Why?'

She was disappointed, and the bitterness of her disappointment gave passion to her cry. Here was the last news of Harry Feversham, and it was brought to her incomplete, like the half sheet of a letter. The omission might never be repaired.



'I was a fool,' said Durrance. There was almost as much regret in his voice now as there had been in hers; and because of that regret he did not remark the passion with which she had spoken. 'I shall not easily forgive myself. He was my friend, you see. I had him by the arm, and I let him go. I was a fool.' And he knocked upon his forehead with his fist.

'He tried Arabic,' Durrance resumed, 'pleading that he and his companions were just poor peaceable people, that if I had given him too much money, I should take it back, and all the while he dragged away from me. But I held him fast. I said, "Harry Feversham, that won't do," and upon that he gave in and spoke in English, whispering it. "Let me go, Jack, let me go." There was the crowd about us. It was evident that Harry had some reason for secrecy; it might have been shame, for all I knew, shame at his downfall. I said, "Come up to my quarters in Halfa as soon as you are free," and I let him go. All that night I waited for him on the verandah, but he did not come. In the morning I had to start across the desert. I almost spoke of him to a friend who came to see me start, to Calder, in fact—you know of him—the man who sent you the telegram,' said Durrance, with a laugh.

'Yes, I remember,' Ethne answered.

It was the second slip she made that night. The receipt of Calder's telegram was just one of the things which Durrance was not to know. But again she was unaware that she had made a slip at all. She did not even consider how Durrance had come to know or guess that the telegram had ever been despatched.

'At the very last moment,' Durrance resumed, 'when my camel had risen from the ground, I stooped down to speak to him, to tell him to see to Feversham. But I did not. You see I knew nothing about his allowance. I merely thought that he had fallen rather low. It did not seem fair to him that another should know of it. So I rode on and kept silence.'

Ethne nodded her head. She could not but approve, however poignant her regret for the lost news.

'So you never saw Mr. Feversham again?'

'I was away nine weeks. I came back blind,' he answered simply, and the very simplicity of his words went to Ethne's heart. He was apologising for his blindness, which had hindered him from inquiring. She began to wake to the comprehension that it was

really Durrance who was speaking to her, but he continued to speak, and what he said drove her quite out of all caution.

'I went at once to Cairo, and Calder came with me. Then I told him of Harry Feversham, and how I had seen him at Tewfikieh. I asked Calder when he got back to Halfa to make inquiries, to find and help Harry Feversham if he could; I asked him, too, to let me know the result. I received a letter from Calder a week ago, and I am troubled by it, very much troubled.'

'What did he say?' Ethne asked apprehensively, and she turned in her chair away from the moonlight towards the shadows of the room and Durrance. She bent forward to see his face, but the darkness hid it. A sudden fear struck through her and chilled her blood, but out of the darkness Durrance spoke.

'That the two women and the old Greek had gone back northwards on a steamer to Assouan.'

'Mr. Feversham remained at Wadi Halfa, then? That is so, isn't it?' she said eagerly.

'No,' Durrance replied. 'Harry Feversham did not remain. He slipped past Halfa the day after I started towards the east. He went out in the morning, and to the south.'

'Into the desert?'

'Yes, but the desert to the south, the enemy's country. He went just as I saw him, carrying his zither. He was seen. There can be no doubt.'

Ethne was quite silent for a little while. Then she asked:

'You have that letter with you?'

'Yes.'

'I should like to read it.'

She rose from her chair and walked across to Durrance. He took the letter from his pocket and gave it to her, and she carried it over to the window. The moonlight was strong. Ethne stood close by the window with a hand pressed upon her heart and read it through once and again. The letter was explicit; the Greek who owned the café at which the troupe had performed admitted that Joseppi, under which name he knew Feversham, had wandered south carrying a water-skin and a store of dates, though why, he either did not know or would not tell. Ethne had a question to ask, but it was some time before she could trust her lips to utter it distinctly and without faltering.

'What will happen to him?'

'At the best, capture ; at the worst, death. Death by starvation, or thirst, or at the hands of the Dervishes. But there is just a hope it might be only capture and imprisonment. You see he was white. If caught, his captors might think him a spy ; they would be sure he had knowledge of our plans and our strength. I think that they would most likely send him to Omdurman. I have written to Calder. Spies go out and in from Wadi Halfa. We often hear of things which happen in Omdurman. If Feversham is taken there, sooner or later I shall know. But he must have gone mad. It is the only explanation.'

Ethne had another, and she knew hers to be the right one. She was off her guard, and she spoke it aloud to Durrance.

'Colonel Trench,' said she, 'is a prisoner at Omdurman.'

'Oh, yes,' answered Durrance. 'Feversham will not be quite alone. There is some comfort in that, and perhaps something may be done. When I hear from Calder I will tell you. Perhaps something may be done.'

It was evident that Durrance had misconstrued her remark. He at all events was still in the dark as to the motive which had taken Feversham southwards beyond the Egyptian patrols. And he must remain in the dark. For Ethne did not even now slacken in her determination still to pretend to have forgotten. She stood at the window with the letter clenched in her hand. She must utter no cry, she must not swoon ; she must keep very still and quiet, and speak when needed with a quiet voice, even though she knew that Harry Feversham had gone southwards to join Colonel Trench at Omdurman. But so much was beyond her strength. For as Colonel Durrance began to speak again, the desire to escape, to be alone with this terrible news, became irresistible. The cool quietude of the garden, the dark shadows of the trees called to her.

'Perhaps you will wonder,' said Durrance, 'why I have told you to-night what I have up till now kept to myself. I did not dare to tell it you before. I want to explain why.'

Ethne did not notice the exultation in his voice, she did not consider what his explanation might be, she only felt that she could not now endure to listen to it. The mere sound of a human voice had become an unendurable thing. She hardly knew, indeed, that Durrance was speaking : she was only aware that a voice spoke and that the voice must stop. She was close by the

window, a single silent step, and she was across the sill and free. Durrance continued to speak out of the darkness, engrossed in what he said, and Ethne did not listen to a word. She gathered her skirts carefully, so that they should not rustle, and stepped from the window. This was the third slip which she made upon this eventful night.

*(To be continued.)*

No. 72  
NEW SERIES

Price  
ONE SHILLING



LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15. WATERLOO PLACE.

[The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.]

# Ward's Invalid Chair Manufactory

246 & 247 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON

(Late of Leicester Square).

TO THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY.

PRICED CATALOGUE POST FREE.



No. 14.



No. 19.



No. 21c.



No. 46.

No. 14. Is the simplest and best constructed Chair for carrying Invalids up or down stairs.

No. 19. Ward's Three-wheel Victoria Bath Chair, with hood and glass shutter.

No. 21c. The back of this Chair is made to recline to any angle, and, with leg-rest fitted, an Invalid may lie at full length.

No. 46. Ward's Reading Stand for holding a book over chair, couch, or bed.

**THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD FOR SALE OR HIRE.**

ESTABLISHED OVER 150 YEARS.



No. 11.



No. 10.



No. 1.



No. 11. Ward's Improved Recumbent Chair, the most luxurious Invalid Chair made.

No. 10. Ward's Invalid Couch, the most perfect ever made for confirmed Invalids.

No. 1. Ward's Self-propelling Chair, may be used with ease by a child of eight.

Ward's Cee-Spring Perambulators, unequalled for style and finish. A large stock of Children's Perambulators and Mail Carts always on view.

**JOHN WARD, 246 & 247 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.**

## HOW TO FURNISH SMARTLY

WITHOUT DISTURBING CAPITAL,  
UPON THE 'INSTALMENT PLAN.'



By a clever scheme, endorsed by Mr. Fabuchers, Mr. Clement Scott, and many others, and now adopted in all parts of the English-speaking world. Their plan enables you to furnish your House or Flat throughout, from Drawing-room to Kitchen, including Linen, Silverware, Cutlery, Ironmongery, Glass, Blinds, &c., out of your income, and without disturbing your capital. This is done by dividing the whole amount into 6, 12, 18, 24, or 36 equal monthly payments. During this period however, the purchaser is of course at liberty to pay off the balance at any time, and thereby avail himself of a cash discount.

No Charge made for Planning or Laying Carpets or Linoleums.

APPLY—

**NORMAN & STACEY, LTD.,**

Artistic House and Flat Furnishers,

254, 255, 256 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

City Offices: 118 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.O.

N.B.—REASONABLE PRICES GOVERN ALL TRANSACTIONS.



# BORD'S PIANOS

C. STILES & CO., 40 and 42 Southampton Row, London, W.C. **PIANOS EXCHANGED.**

# BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for hire on the Three Years' System, at ad-

vantageous prices and terms.—Lists and Particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 and 42 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

"For the Blood is the Life."

## Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER, is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

## MEDICAL GALVANISM

HAS CONQUERED some of the most obstinate complaints after all other remedies have failed.

HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELTS and BATTERIES, for wearing next the body without blistering or injuring the skin. These appliances are

PERFECT GENERATORS OF ELECTRICITY, and are most comfortable in wear. Price One Guinea.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO and GOUT are speedily REMOVED by this Powerful Agent.

ELECTRIC BELT and SUSPENSOR, price 42s. for MEN, for VARICOCELE, Nervous Debility and Exhaustion, Bladder Weakness, &c.

Pamphlets Gratis. Consultations Free.

HALE & SON, Medical Galvanists, 105 Regent St., London, W. (Close to St. James's Hall.)

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this POWDER has sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the Best and Safest Article for Plating Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each. Also

GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM, For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS. In a Box, 1s. Agents: Osmond & Matthews, London.

KEATING'S  
POWDER  
KILLS  
BUGS  
FLEAS  
FLIES  
BEETLES

TINS 3d. 6d. 1s.—BELLOWS 9d.

GOLD MEDAL,

Health Exhibition, London.

# BENGER'S FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED.

Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Benger's Food is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.

**New Volume by the Author of 'Pages  
from a Private Diary.'**

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo. 6s.

# RELIGIO LAICI:

**A SERIES OF STUDIES ADDRESSED TO LAYMEN.**

**By the Rev. H. C. BEECHING,**

Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, London, and Chaplain to the  
Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn; Author of 'Pages from a Private Diary,'  
'Conferences on Books and Men.'

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

**PILOT.**—'Done to admiration, and we know no better work to recommend to the earnest consideration of laymen who honestly desire to understand what is the clerical idea of duty and work. . . . The book is one which we hope will be widely read. In its just and judicious temper, its sound judgment, its charitable spirit it reminds us—as does so much of the work of its author—of the tone of Dean Church. If it is characteristically Anglican, it is so in the best and highest sense of the word.'

**STANDARD.**—'Sweet reasonableness, to borrow a famous phrase, is the ruling characteristic of "Religio Laici." . . . Mr. Beeching not merely writes with distinction, but with a real grasp of the questions at issue, which are discussed with cultured urbanity in these pages.'

**GLOBE.**—'It will suffice to say that everywhere Mr. Beeching writes from the standpoint of broad and tolerant culture, and that his volume may be heartily recommended to the thoughtful laymen for whom it has been put together.'

**SCOTSMAN.**—'It is this writer's distinction to impart to spiritual teaching the graces of good literature and the winningness of worldly wisdom.'

**OUTLOOK.**—'His style is literary in the reminiscent quality of its phrasing, and there are few who know our literature better or can criticise with more knowledge and freshness. . . . Like all his books, this is diversified by interesting quotations and lightened by an admirable humour.'

**SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH.**—'The whole volume is of great excellence, and it is one which should be widely read and pondered.'

**GLASGOW HERALD.**—'Mr. Beeching writes in a bright and often humorous fashion . . . yet at the same time communicating a considerable amount of valuable information.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BRIDGES

VOLUME IV.

CONTENTS: PALICIO.—THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.—NOTES.

Small post 8vo. 6s.

**GLOBE.**—'The work is excellent in characterisation, and can be perused with profit as well as pleasure.'

**GLASGOW HERALD.**—'They are admirable pieces of work, and are singularly fine, both in matter and manner.'

**SCOTSMAN.**—'Noticeably enriches the value of a well-appointed set of books which every lover of poetry will desire to possess.'

**BAPTIST MAGAZINE.**—'Some of the finest specimens of his exquisite workmanship. He is no careless craftsman, but one who is as devoted to perfection of form as he is to vigour of thought. His vision is clear, his feeling intense, his expression musical. He has both spontaneity and finish.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.



# THE GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

Uniformly printed, with Vignette Titles by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Sir NOEL PATON,  
T. WOOLNER, W. HOLMAN HUNT, ARTHUR HUGHES, &c., Engraved on Steel.

IN UNIFORM BINDING. Pott 8vo. 2s. 6d. NET EACH.

**THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by Prof. F. T. PALGRAVE. FIRST SERIES, 2s. 6d. net. SECOND SERIES, 2s. 6d. net. 2 vols. in box, 5s. net.

**GOLDEN TREASURY POETS.** In eight volumes. Matthew Arnold, Byron, Cowper, Keats, Longfellow, Shelley, Southey, Wordsworth. Gilt backs, in cloth box. 21s. net.

**MISCELLANIES** (including Euphonor, Polonius, &c.). By EDWARD FITZGERALD.

**RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM:** the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English Verse by EDWARD FITZGERALD.

**LYRICAL POEMS.** By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Selected and Annotated by F. T. PALGRAVE.

**IN MEMORIAM.** By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

**THE PRINCESS.** By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

**THE POET'S WALK.** An Introduction to English Poetry. Chosen and Arranged by MOWERAY MORRIS. New and Revised Edition.

**LYRIC LOVE: AN ANTHOLOGY.** Edited by WILLIAM WATSON.

**THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND FROM THE BEST POETS.** Selected by COVENTRY PATMORE.

**THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF LYRICAL POETRY.** Arranged by F. T. PALGRAVE.

**THE FAIRY BOOK.** The Best Popular Fairy Stories. Selected by Mrs. CRAIK.

**THE JEST BOOK.** The Choicest Anecdotes and Sayings. Arranged by MARK LEMON.

**A BOOK OF GOLDEN THOUGHTS.** By HENRY ATTWELL.

**THE SUNDAY BOOK OF POETRY FOR THE YOUNG.** Selected by O. F. ALEXANDER.

**GOLDEN TREASURY PSALTER.** The Students' Edition. Being an Edition with Briefer Notes of 'The Psalms Chronologically Arranged by Four Friends.'

**THE BOOK OF PRAISE.** From the best English Hymn Writers. Selected by ROUNDELL, Earl of SELBORNE.

**THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.** Translated by S. WINKWORTH. Preface by C. KINGSLEY.

**THE BALLAD BOOK.** A Selection of the Choicest British Ballads. Edited by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

**THE SONG BOOK.** Words and Tunes Selected and Arranged by JOHN HULLAH.

**LA LYRE FRANÇAISE.** Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by G. MASSON.

**BALLADEN UND ROMANZEN.** Being a Selection of the Best German Ballads and Romances. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Dr. BUCHHEIM.

**DEUTSCHE LYRIK.** The Golden Treasury of the Best German Lyrical Poems. Selected by Dr. BUCHHEIM.

**HEINRICH HEINE'S LIEDER UND GEDICHTE.** Selected and Arranged, with Notes and Literary Introduction, by Professor C. A. BUCHHEIM, Ph.D. &c. With Portrait.

**THE ESSAYS OF JOSEPH ADDISON.** Chosen and Edited by JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

**SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.**

**BACON'S ESSAYS AND COLOURS OF GOOD AND EVIL.** With Notes and Glossarial Index by W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.

**SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI: LETTERS TO A FRIEND, &c.; and CHRISTIAN MORALS.** Edited by W. A. GREENHILL, M.D.

**HYDRIOTAPHIA, AND THE GARDEN OF CYRUS.** Edited by W. A. GREENHILL, M.D.

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME.** By JOHN BUNYAN.

**POETRY OF BYRON.** Chosen and Arranged by MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**SELECTED POEMS OF A. H. CLOUGH.**

**LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER.** Edited, with Introduction, by W. BENHAM.

**SELECTIONS FROM COWPER'S POEMS.** With an Introduction by Mrs. OLIPHANT.

**THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.** Edited by J. W. OLARK, M.A.

**BALTHASAR GRACIAN. ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM.** Translated by W. JACOBS.

**CHRYSOMELE.** A Selection from the Lyrical Poems of ROBERT HERRICK. By Professor F. T. PALGRAVE.

**TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS.** By an OLD BOY.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS.** Edited by F. T. PALGRAVE.

**KEBLE. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.** Edited by C. M. YONGE.

**LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.** Edited by Canon ANGER, M.A.

**SELECTIONS FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.** Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN.

**THE SPEECHES AND TABLE-TALK OF THE PROPHET MOHAMMAD.** Translated by STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

**THE CAVALIER AND HIS LADY.** Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. With an Introductory Essay by EDWARD JENKINS.

**MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS TO HIMSELF.** In English. By GERALD H. RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D.

**THE HOUSE OF ATREUS:** being the Atræmyon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. MORSEHEAD, M.A.

**TWO ESSAYS ON OLD AGE AND FRIENDSHIP.** Translated from the Latin of Cicero, with Introduction, by E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

**THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.** Translated by J. LL. DAVIES, M.A., and D. J. VAUGHAN.

**THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES.** Being the Euthyphron, Apology, Crito, and Phædo of Plato. Translated by F. J. CHURCH.

**PHAEDRUS, LYSIS, AND PROTAGORAS OF PLATO.** A New Translation by J. WRIGHT.

**SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS AND SONNETS.** Edited, with Notes, by F. T. PALGRAVE.

**POEMS OF SHELLEY.** Edited by S. A. BROOKE.

**SOUTHEY. POEMS.** Chosen and Arranged by E. DOWDEN.

**THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS.** Rendered into English Prose by ANDREW LANG.

**POEMS, RELIGIOUS AND DOCTRINAL,** from Works of J. G. WHITTIER.

**POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.** Chosen and Edited by MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS OF ALL TIMES AND ALL COUNTRIES.** By C. M. YONGE.

**A BOOK OF WORTHIES.** By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'

**THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIANS AND MOORS IN SPAIN.** By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, LONDON.

# TWO RECENT SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

At all Libraries and Booksellers'.

## NICHOLAS HOLBROOK.

By OLIVE BIRRELL,

Author of 'Love in a Mist,' 'The Ambition of Judith,' &c.

**Athenæum.**—'Very readable. . . . The whole story is pleasantly written and clearly evolved. Some of the minor characters are very good. The three aunts are particularly lifelike.'

**Punch.**—'"Nicholas Holbrook" achieves a distinct triumph. . . . Dulcie is a charming girl, Nicholas Holbrook a fine character carefully drawn. . . . A wholesome, brightly-written book.'

**St. James's Gazette.**—'A story well worth reading. . . . The book is a good study of social conditions: its characters are always real and human, and neither the rich man nor the poor is represented as unqualified vice or virtue.'

**Outlook.**—'Earnest, well-meant romance by no means ill-constructed or ill-written.'

**NICHOLAS  
HOLBROOK.**

*Crown 8vo. 6s.*

**NICHOLAS  
HOLBROOK.**

*Crown 8vo. 6s.*

**Spectator.**—'The book is well-written, and the principal characters are life-like. . . . To the ordinary reader the book will prove interesting above the average.'

**Sketch.**—'A story that will certainly add to Miss Birrell's reputation. It is full of good things.'

**Daily Chronicle.**—'This particular problem Miss Birrell handles with excellent observation and skill. . . . The story is both interesting and well-written.'

**World.**—'A story which appeals to thought and speculation. . . . The argument is well put, and the contrasted characters of Nicholas and Ralph are well drawn and well sustained.'

**Dundee Advertiser.**—'The story is possessed of human interest and greatly above the common.'

## NORA LESTER: A Story of the South African War.

By ANNA HOWARTH,

Author of 'Jan: an Afrikaner,' 'Sword and Assegai,' 'Katrina: a Tale of the Karoo,' &c.

**Daily Telegraph.**—'The authoress having a thorough knowledge of the country and conditions of life, we are provided with a background of great interest. We have already had many novels dealing with the actual warfare; Miss Howarth shows us rather a different picture, writing, moreover, with remarkable fairness and moderation.'

**Leeds Mercury.**—'The best story of love and war based on the Transvaal campaign that has yet come to our notice.'

**Public Opinion.**—'A thoroughly meritorious performance. . . . There is a great deal of honest, solid work in it.'

**Daily Mail.**—'As a picture of South Africa in war time Miss Anna Howarth's story far surpasses most of what has been written.'

**Scotsman.**—'The story is well constructed, and, in the guise of fiction, it brings life on the veldt, in time of peace and in time of war, vividly before the reader's eyes.'

**NORA  
LESTER.**

*Crown 8vo. 6s.*

**NORA  
LESTER.**

*Crown 8vo. 6s.*

**NORA  
LESTER.**

*Crown 8vo. 6s.*

**Athenæum.**—'As a study of the relations between the Dutch and English in South Africa it succeeds in being both vivid and convincing, if only from the unquestionable knowledge and care which underlie it.'

**Morning Post.**—'The story makes quite interesting reading.'

**Truth.**—'The pictures of the Boers in their homes seem to be transcripts from life.'

**World.**—'The absence of sensationalism which characterises Miss Howarth's style, and the dignity and calm of her point of view, contrast most happily with some of the fiction which the war has brought forth.'

**Court Journal.**—'Miss Anna Howarth is the one novelist who has made use of the present war with discrimination. . . . "Nora Lester" is of considerable ingenuity, told with much clearness. Altogether "Nora Lester" may be classed as decidedly above the standard of the average modern novel.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

# FROM MR. MURRAY'S LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

**TEN THOUSAND MILES IN PERSIA:** a Record of Eight Years' Constant Travel in Eastern and Southern Iran. With Special Reference to the Geography and History of the Country as well as to its Commercial Resources, the Opening Up of Trade Routes, and to the Journeys of Alexander the Great and Marco Polo. By Major PERCY MOLLEWORTH STYKES (Queen's Bays), H.M. Consul at Kerman; awarded Silver Medal by the Society of Arts, 1897, the Back Grant in 1899, and the Royal Gold Medal in 1902 by the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps and many Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 25s. net. [Just out.]

**A FOREIGN VIEW OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE I. AND GEORGE II.** Translated by Madame VAN MUYDEN. Large crown 8vo. with a Photogravure Plate and many other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. [Just out.]

An Account of London and England written during the years 1725-1729, by Monsieur CÉSAR DE SAUSSURE, a descendant of the French family of that name, who came over to this country on an educational visit, and wrote a continuous and detailed account of what he saw and did.

## A CHEAPER EDITION.

Uniform with 'The Origin of Species' &c. 2s. 6d. net.

**CHARLES DARWIN:** his Life told in an Autobiographical Chapter, and in a Selected Series of his Published Letters. Edited by his Son, FRANCIS DARWIN, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. With a Photogravure Portrait. Large crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Just out.]

**SAVAGE ISLAND:** an Account of a Mission to Niue and Tonga in the Pacific Ocean. By BASIL THOMSON, late H.M. Special Commissioner. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [Just out.]

**EDUCATION AND EMPIRE:** Addresses on Topics of the Day. By R. B. HALDANE, K.C., M.P., LL.D. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [Ready immediately.]

**CUCHULAIN OF MUIRTHEMNE:** The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster. Arranged and put into English by LADY GREGORY. With an Introduction by W. B. YEATS. Large crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Just out.]

**WE ARE SEVEN:** Half-hours on the Stage, Grave and Gay. By HAMILTON AIDÉ, Author of 'The Snares of the World.' Crown 8vo. 4s. net. [Just out.]  
I. A GLEAM IN THE DARKNESS.—II. A LESSON IN ACTING.—III. THE BRUDENELS.—IV. ALL OR NOTHING.—V. COLOUR BLIND.—VI. TWO STRINGS TO A BEAU.—VII. A TABLE D'HÔTE.

## A NEW WORK OF FICTION.

**THE LIFE OF JOHN WILLIAM WALSH, F.S.A.** Edited, with an Introduction, by MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL, Author of 'In Tuscany' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Just out.]

## A NEW 3/6 NET NOVEL.

**THE RESCUE.** By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, Author of 'The Confounding of Camelia.' [Just out.]

## THREE NEW 6/- NOVELS.

**THE SHADOWY THIRD.** By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, Author of 'John Charity' &c. [Just out.]

**THE VALLEY OF DECISION.** By EDITH WHARTON, Author of 'A Gift from the Grave,' 'Crucial Instances,' &c. [Just out.]

'... A really excellent book. It is very long, but the six hundred and fifty pages do not weary one... as we read we are reminded of Vernon Lee, of 'John Inglesant,' of Boccaccio, and, in one of the most striking passages of the story, of Cagliostro.'—SPECTATOR.

**HIGH TREASON:** a Tale of the Days of George II. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'Well arranged, well constructed, well sustained, and admirably written.'—WORLD.

'The kind of book that one wants to read through at a sitting without skipping a single page.'—ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

# RURAL ENGLAND.

*'Books unsurpassed in power of observation and sympathy with natural objects by anything that has appeared since the days of Gilbert White.'*—DAILY NEWS.

## WORKS BY THE LATE RICHARD JEFFERIES.

**THE GAMEKEEPER AT HOME;** or, Sketches of Natural History and Rural Life. New Edition, with all the Illustrations of the former Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

*'Delightful sketches. The lover of the country can hardly fail to be fascinated whenever he may happen to open the pages. It is a book to read and keep for reference, and should be on the shelves of every country gentleman's library.'*—SATURDAY REVIEW.

**ROUND ABOUT A GREAT ESTATE.** New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

*'To read a book of his is really like taking a trip into some remote part of the country, where the surroundings of life remain very much what they were thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Jefferies has made up a very pleasant volume.'*—GLOBE.

**WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY.** New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

*'A volume which is worthy of a place beside White's "Selborne." In closeness of observation, in power of giving a picture far beyond the power of a mere word-painter, he is the equal of the Selborne rector—perhaps his superior.'*—ATHENÆUM.

**THE AMATEUR POACHER.** New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

*'We have rarely met with a book in which so much that is entertaining is combined with matter of real practical worth.'*—GRAPHIC.

**HODGE AND HIS MASTERS.** New Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*'The one great charm of Mr. Jefferies' writings may be summed up in the single word "graphic."'*  
STANDARD.

**WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM;** being the Notes of a Naturalist. Edited by J. A. OWEN. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

*'As a specimen of word-painting, the description of the quaint old fishing village close to the edge of the North Kent marshes can hardly be surpassed. . . . The book is capitally written, full of good stories, and thoroughly commendable.'*—ATHENÆUM.

**FOREST TITHES:** and other Studies from Nature. By the Author of 'Woodland, Moor, and Stream' &c. Edited by J. A. OWEN. Crown 8vo. 5s.

*'Full of the spirit of the South Country, and as we read it we seem to hear again the clack of the mill-wheel, the cry of the water-fowl, and the splash of fish.'*—SPECTATOR.

**ALL THE YEAR WITH NATURE.** By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. Crown 8vo. 5s.

*'Of the 28 papers composing the volume there is not one which does not brim over with love of Nature, observation of her by-paths, and power of sympathetic expression.'*—OBSERVER.

**A YEAR IN THE FIELDS.** Selections from the Writings of JOHN BURROUGHS. With Illustrations from Photographs by CLIFTON JOHNSON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

*'An excellent example of its kind, pleasant, chatty, and readable . . . fresh and graphic, instinct with country sights, scents, and sounds.'*—LAND AND WATER.

**POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN.** By Mrs. C. W. EARLE. With an Appendix by Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON. Twenty-fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Dean HOLZ, in an article upon the work in the 'Nineteenth Century,' says:—'There is not time for further enjoyment of this sweet, sly "Pot-Pourri"; no space for further extracts from this clever and comprehensive book; only for two more earnest words to the reader—*Buy it.*'

**MORE POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN.** By Mrs. C. W. EARLE, Author of 'Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden.' Fifth Impression. Large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*'This second volume has all the charm of the first. It is just the friendly chat of a lady who has not only read books, but knows all about her kitchen, and, if possible, more about the garden she loves. On each, sound useful information is pleasantly conveyed.'*—PUNCH.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

**SIR CHARLES WARREN AND HIS CRITICS:**

***The Facts about Spion Kop.***

Now ready. With a Biographical Sketch, Portrait and Map.

Large crown 8vo. 6s.

## **Sir Charles Warren and Spion Kop:**

**A VINDICATION.**

**BY 'DEFENDER.'**

**NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.'**

Just published. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

## **AN ONLOOKER'S NOTE-BOOK.**

By the Author of 'Collections and Recollections.'

**NEW WORK BY MRS. A. MURRAY SMITH.**

Now ready. With 24 Full-page Illustrations and 5 Plans. Large crown 8vo. 6s.

## **THE ROLL-CALL of WESTMINSTER ABBEY**

By E. T. BRADLEY (Mrs. A. Murray Smith),

Author of 'Annals of Westminster Abbey' &c.

**NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE.'**

At all Booksellers' and Libraries. Crown 8vo. 6s.

## **MY LORD WINCHENDEN.** By GRAHAM HOPE,

Author of 'A Cardinal and his Conscience.'

**NEW NOVEL BY SUSAN CHRISTIAN.**

At all Booksellers' and Libraries. Crown 8vo. 6s.

## **AN INLAND FERRY.** By SUSAN CHRISTIAN.

## **A NEW TRAFALGAR: a Tale of the Torpedo Fleet.**

By A. C. CURTIS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

*DAILY TELEGRAPH.*—'Mr. Curtis tells his tale well. . . . His story is boldly conceived and admirably told in good, forcible language.'

*DAILY CHRONICLE.*—'Mr. Curtis writes a stirring tale. His ideas are clearly expressed, and his book is well worth reading.'

*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.*—'The book is full of exciting incidents, and its author seems to have a good knowledge of the strong and weak points of our navy. He has also the gift of rapid narration.'

*SCOTSMAN.*—'This book has in it all the undeniable fascination which belongs to that class of fiction having for its subject possible wars of the future, and it has the added merit that it is the work of a man who knows what he is writing about. . . . Mr. Curtis's pages are alive with glowing adventure.'

*YORKSHIRE POST.*—'A very striking sea story. Britain is faced by a combination of the Great Powers and has to fight for life. How the fleet did it Mr. Curtis tells us. He writes with knowledge, very vividly.'

*SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.*—'The story is an intensely exciting one, and the author writes as one who is well versed in naval matters.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

**A 'VADE-MECUM' FOR TRAVELLERS.**

Crown 8vo. 6s.

# HEALTH ABROAD:

## A Medical Handbook for Travellers.

Edited by EDMUND HOBHOUSE, M.A., M.D., Oxon., M.R.C.P.

With Special Chapters on **EGYPT** and **NORTH AFRICA**, by Dr. LEIGH CANNEY; **CENTRAL AFRICA**, by Dr. HARFORD BATTERSBY; **CONTINENTAL TRAVEL**, by Dr. STUART TIDEY and the EDITOR; **SOUTH AFRICA**, by Dr. B. J. GUILLEMARD; **SOUTH AMERICA**, by Dr. G. H. PENNELL; **INDIA**, by Dr. W. J. SIMPSON; and **AUSTRALIA**, **NEW ZEALAND**, and **NORTH AMERICA**, by the EDITOR.

**LANCET.**—'We believe that this will be found to be an extremely useful book. . . . We congratulate the editor on the idea of publishing a book of this kind and on the very successful manner in which he has accomplished the work.'

**MEDICAL PRESS AND CIRCULAR.**—'Peculiarly accurate in its descriptions, sound in its judgments, and safe in the character of its advice. We have no hesitation in strongly recommending it to the careful consideration of all about to travel.'

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.**—'As a medical handbook of travel, "Health Abroad" fulfils a valuable function . . . The volume should prove extremely valuable.'

**ACADEMY.**—'A handy guide for the invalid. . . . A useful book written by experts.'

**GUARDIAN.**—'A well-written book by men who know what they are writing about.'

**CLIMATE.**—'"Health Abroad" is to be strongly commended.'

**COOK'S EXCURSIONIST.**—'We do not hesitate to say that within the covers of no other single and portable volume is such a store of reliable and up-to-date information to be found on the subject of health abroad.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

---

*'A compendium of trustworthy information.'*—TIMES.

Demy 8vo. with Map, 10s. 6d.

# THE MINERAL WATERS AND HEALTH RESORTS OF EUROPE.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC DISEASES BY SPAS AND CLIMATES  
WITH HINTS AS TO THE SIMULTANEOUS EMPLOYMENT OF VARIOUS  
PHYSICAL AND DIETETIC METHODS.

By Sir HERMANN WEBER, M.D., F.R.C.P., and  
FREDERICK PARKES WEBER, M.D., F.R.C.P.

\* \* This is a New and Enlarged Edition of 'THE SPAS AND MINERAL WATERS OF EUROPE.'

**NATURE.**—'Contains in a brief space a large amount of most useful information in regard to the spas and mineral waters of Europe. . . . This information is the outcome of personal knowledge on the part of the authors.'

**QUEEN.**—'Much expanded in form and matter, this admirable digest of the principal European spas and after-cures will now incontestably take the lead in all English works of the kind. . . . The index is exhaustive. Indeed, the whole volume is a monument of painstaking care and industry added to a knowledge of balneo-therapeutics perhaps second to none. . . . The Drs. Weber have placed themselves, in so far as British balneo-therapeutic reference works are concerned, *hors concours*.'

**PALL MALL GAZETTE.**—'A compendious and at the same time a copious guide to the baths and springs of Great Britain and the Continent. All the watering-places and springs are treated in their scientific and medical aspects; and the work on that account is to be commended to the faculty also. The grouping is admirable, and the whole contents well and carefully edited.'

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.**—'Different constitutions stand in need of different "Bad" cures, and the danger of "going to the wrong place" has before now been demonstrated with alarming effects. Let those in doubt turn to the pages of this instructive volume.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.



# MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.'S LIST.

**TIBERIUS THE TYRANT.** By J. C. TARVER, Author of 'Gustave Flaubert' &c. Demy 8vo. with a Portrait, 15s. net.

'A vivid picture of certain of the prevailing features of the Roman world as they were at the moment of transition from the Republic to the Empire.'—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'Mr. Tarver, in his able and well-written Life of the Emperor, adds his voice to the consensus of opinion that has been steadily growing in force and volume, that these stories are malicious inventions of political opponents. The whole of Mr. Tarver's book is a very noteworthy piece of historical writing.'—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

'A valuable and entertaining book. The preliminary chapters give an admirably lucid account of Rome's transition from a Republic to an Empire.'—SPECTATOR.

**MAXIMILIAN I. HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR.** Stanhope Prize Essay. By R. W. SETON WATSON. Crown 8vo. illustrated, 5s. net.

**FIVE STUART PRINCESSES.** Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT. Fully illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

**PETER III. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.** The Story of a Crisis and a Crime. By NISBET BAIN. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

**THE FIGHT WITH FRANCE FOR NORTH AMERICA.** By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of 'Wolfe.' New Edition. Illustrated. 6s. [Constable's 6s. Series.]

**FRENCH ART.** Classic Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. BROWNELL, Author of 'Victorian Prose Masters.' Imperial 8vo. with 48 Illustrations, 21s. net.

**THE COMMONWEALTH AS PUBLICAN.** An Examination of the Gothenburg System. By JOHN WALKER, M.A. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

**THE TEACHINGS OF DANTE.** By CHARLES A. DINSMORE. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**BURMA UNDER BRITISH RULE.** By Dr. JOHN NISBET. 2 vols. 32s. net.

**THE WORLD BEFORE ABRAHAM.** By Prof. H. G. MITCHELL. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

## POCKET EDITION OF THE

**NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH,** 15 vols. 2s. 6d. net each vol. cloth; or 3s. 6d. net in full leather.

## ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

**BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.** Edited by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. Illustrated with 100 Colotype Portraits arranged by Ernest Radford. 6 vols. 36s. net.

## ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE

**WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.** In 20 vols. with Coloured Illustrations printed on Japanese vellum, 2s. 6d. net each volume.

## Recent 6s. Fiction.

**ELMA TREYOR.** By the COUNTESS OF DARNLEY and R. L. HODGSON.

**A BOOK OF STORIES.** By G. S. STREET.

**AUDREY.** By MARY JOHNSTON.

**THE BLAZED TRAIL.** By STEWART E. WHITE, Author of 'The Westerners.'

**MARTA.** By PAUL GWYNNE.

**THE BATTLE GROUND.** By ELLEN GLASGOW.

**NEW CANTERBURY TALES.** By MAURICE HEWLETT.

**CARDIGAN.** By R. W. CHAMBERS.

A. CONSTABLE & CO., LIMITED, Westminster.

# Smith, Elder, & Co.'s Publications.

## WORKS BY MISS THACKERAY.

*'Her stories are a series of exquisite sketches full of tender light and shadow, and soft, harmonious colouring. This sort of writing is nearly as good as a change of air.'*—ACADEMY.  
*'ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.'*—*'One of the most delightful of our novelists, gifted with delicate invention, charm of thought, and grace of style.'*—PROF. MORLEY.

Uniform Edition, each Volume illustrated with a Vignette Title-page.  
 Large crown 8vo. 6s. each.

OLD KENSINGTON.  
 THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.  
 FIVE OLD FRIENDS AND A YOUNG PRINCE.  
 TO ESTHER, and other Sketches.  
 THE STORY OF ELIZABETH; TWO HOURS; FROM AN ISLAND.

BLUEBEARD'S KEYS, and other Stories.  
 TOILERS AND SPINSTERS.  
 MISS ANGEL; FULHAM LAWN.  
 MISS WILLIAMSON'S DIVAGATIONS.  
 MRS. DYMOND.

## LIFE & WORKS of CHARLOTTE, EMILY & ANNE BRONTË. The 'Haworth' Edition.

*'Assuredly there are few books which will live longer in English literature than those we owe to the pen of the Brontë Sisters.'*—SPEAKER.

In 7 Vols. large crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s. each; or in set cloth binding, gilt top, £2. 2s. the Set.

With Portraits and Illustrations, including Views of Places described in the Works reproduced from Photographs specially taken for the purpose by Mr. W. R. BLAND, of Duffield, Derby, in conjunction with Mr. C. BARROW KERR, of Derby, Medallists of the Royal Photographic Society. Introductions to the Works are supplied by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and an Introduction and Notes to Mrs. GASKELL's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' by Mr. CLERMONT K. SHORTER, the eminent Brontë authority.

JANE EYRE.  
 SHIRLEY.  
 VILLETTE.

THE PROFESSOR; AND POEMS.  
 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.  
 THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Mrs. GASKELL.

\*. Also the POPULAR EDITION, 7 vols. small post 8vo. limp cloth, or cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. each. And the POCKET EDITION, 7 vols. small fcp. 8vo. each with Frontispiece, bound in cloth, with gilt top, 1s. 6d. per Volume; or the set, in gold-lettered cloth case, 12s. 6d.

## MRS. GASKELL'S WORKS.

*'Mrs. Gaskell has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish—she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and which every girl will be the better for reading.'*

GEORGE SAND.

Uniform Edition, 7 Vols. each containing 4 Illustrations, 3s. 6d. each, bound in cloth.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.  
 NORTH AND SOUTH.  
 SYLVIA'S LOVERS.

CRANFORD, and other Tales.  
 MARY BARTON, and other Tales.  
 RUTH, and other Tales.

LIZZIE LEIGH, and other Tales.

\*. Also the POPULAR EDITION, in 7 vols. small post 8vo. limp cloth, or cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. each. And the POCKET EDITION, in 8 vols. small fcp. 8vo. bound in cloth, with gilt top, 1s. 6d. per Volume; or the Set, in gold-lettered cloth case, 14s.

## W. M. THACKERAY'S WORKS.

### The Biographical Edition.

*'I do not hesitate to name Thackeray first. His knowledge of human nature was supreme, and his characters stand out as human beings with a force and a truth which has not, I think, been within the reach of any other English novelist in any period.'*—ANTHONY TROLLOPE, on English Novelists in his Autobiography.

13 Vols. large crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s. each. The 13 Volumes are also supplied in set cloth binding, gilt top, £3. 18s.

This New and Revised Edition comprises additional material and hitherto Unpublished Letters, Sketches, and Drawings, derived from the Author's Original MSS. and Note-Books; and each volume includes a Memoir in the form of an Introduction by Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

VANITY FAIR.  
 PENDENNIS.  
 YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS, &c.  
 BARRY LYNDON; THE FITZBOODLE PAPERS.  
 SKETCH BOOKS: Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, &c.  
 CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH.'  
 HENRY ESMOND; AND THE LECTURES.

THE NEWCOMES.  
 CHRISTMAS BOOKS, &c.  
 THE VIRGINIANS.  
 ADVENTURES OF PHILIP; AND A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.  
 LOVE THE WIDOWER; ROUNDABOUT PAPERS; DENIS DUVAL, &c.  
 BALLADS AND MISCELLANIES.

\*. Also the 'STANDARD,' 'LIBRARY,' 'POPULAR,' 'CHEAPER ILLUSTRATED' and 'POCKET' Editions of Thackeray's Works.

\*. Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. will be happy to forward a Copy of their Catalogue post free on application.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.



**TRUTH.**—'I can recommend to you a breathless story of old convict times and scenes in Tasmania—"Gentleman Garnet."'

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND LIBRARIES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

# Gentleman Garnet:

## A Story of Old Tasmania.

By **HARRY B. VOGEL,**

AUTHOR OF 'A MAORI MAID,' 'MY DEAR SIR,' &c.

**TIMES.**—'We have never come across a more vivid description of those days in the worst of our penal settlements than that so luridly painted by Mr. Vogel. . . . The interest of the story is admirably sustained.'

**WORLD.**—'A simple breathless bushranging romance. Mr. Vogel's narrative bristles with incident, and never flags for a moment.'

**ATHENÆUM.**—'The story moves briskly from start to finish.'

**SKETCH.**—'Convict life, escapes, bushrangers, stirring and adventurous episode make up a volume full of movement and excitement.'

**WEEK'S SURVEY.**—'The vivid interest is kept up to the last page, the love episode is charming, the heroic kindness and self-sacrifice of the whole gang is in evidence throughout. Altogether this is a remarkable book. Looked at from the side of history and manners, it is a careful study of an evil system. . . . Looked at as a story of adventure, it is a thrilling narrative, and not too lacking in verisimilitude. Looked at as a literary work, it strikes us as good honest writing—writing which effaces itself in order that the story may "hum," but which is amply sufficient to make the descriptions of convict life telling, the adventures breathless, and the sentiment and pathos affecting and true.'

**SCOTSMAN.**—'An exciting yarn of bushranging life in Tasmania. Mr. Vogel has done good work in his various books . . . but assuredly he has written nothing which could appeal to the lover of exciting literature so much as "Gentleman Garnet."'

**YORKSHIRE POST.**—'As an adventure story nothing could be better than this volume.'

**LEEDS MERCURY.**—'Mr. Vogel writes as if he knew his subject thoroughly, and the story is full of the real bush atmosphere. . . . We dare to say that it will be one of the best novels of the spring publishing season.'

**SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH.**—'A book full of incident, forcibly written, and altogether uncommonly good reading. . . . A powerful work, skilful in portraiture, dramatic in description, and exceptionally interesting from the first page to the last.'

**OUTLOOK.**—'Quite a good romantic story on quaint lines.'

**GLASGOW HERALD.**—'In the hands of Mr. Vogel the Colonial bushranger becomes as picturesque a hero as any of the gallant highwaymen of English fiction. . . . Their adventures are told with such a rush of action, such a dash of daring incident, and such a mastery of local colour as to make one of the most exciting stories of thoroughly sustained interest which we have read for many a day. The characterisation is excellent.'

**MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.**—'A capital tale of historical adventure.'

**COURT JOURNAL.**—'To those who are insatiable in the matter of exciting adventures "Gentleman Garnet" is to be recommended with an assurance that it will prove acceptable.'

**PUBLIC OPINION.**—'We have found the book excellent reading. . . . The author has contrived too, to give the story that appearance of truth and life which is essential to success.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.



TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Saves Rubbing and Scrubbing.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Saves Tinting and Boiling.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Time and Health Saving.

Have Your Linen Clean and White

WITH

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Used in the *SUNLIGHT WAY*.

Highest Standard of Purity and Excellence.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Lessens the Worries of Life.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Adds to the Pleasures of Home.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Preserves the Clothes.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

The New  
Tobacco

# Beeswing

Golden Flaked  
Cavendish

Manufactured at the  
International Bonded Tobacco Works, Liverpool.

Is a most lovely lining fabric,  
possessing the beautiful Sheen  
and touch of a  
SILK SATIN,



**'SILVASHEEN'**

and  
is absolutely  
essential in the  
production of a Smart  
Stylish Gown where a  
**SILK LINING**  
is not used.

*To be had from all High-Class Drapers.*

# ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



Preserves the Hair.  
Beautifies the Hair.  
THE ONLY GENUINE  
PREVENTIVE OF  
BALDNESS.  
Also in a Golden  
Colour.  
Of all Chemists.  
Bottles, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

# ROWLANDS' ODONTO



IS THE BEST  
TOOTH  
POWDER.  
Whitens the  
Teeth,  
Prevents Decay,  
Gives Delightful  
Fragrance  
to the Breath.  
2s. 9d.  
Ask Stores for  
ROWLANDS'  
ODONTO.

## Latest Novelty in Corsets. THOMSON'S 'GRACIOSA.' Unbreakable Waist. Natural Hinge.

Extract from Madame Schild's Fashion Journals for March.

### A NEW CORSET.

THIS novelty is a very clever arrangement of the nature of a hinge at the waist, so that the wearer does not break the steels when stooping. This alteration in the corset in no way interferes with the support which the corset should give to the body; on the contrary, if anything, it gives greater strength without pressure upon the hip bones, and yet makes the body more supple. This new corset is called 'The Graciosa,' is extremely comfortable to wear even from the first, it fits the body at once, and is as easy as a glove, and is manufactured by Messrs. W. S. Thomson & Co. Can be had of all ladies' outfitters.

Made in WHITE, DOVE, and BLACK.  
ONLY ONE PRICE, 8/11

To be had of all Drapers. If difficulty, send postal order direct to manufacturers, mentioning this paper, and the Corset will at once be sent.



'PATENTED  
AND  
REGISTERED.'

W. S. THOMSON & CO., Ltd., HOMERTON, LONDON, N.E.



## SURPLICE SHIRTS

MADE TO MEASURE  
6 for 51/-

SAMPSON & Co.,

270 OXFORD STREET,



# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Published Monthly, price 1s. Annual Subscription, 14s. postage free.

JUNE 1902.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BYE. By HENRY NEWBOLT . . . . .	721
THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY. Chapters XII.-XIII. By ANTHONY HOPE . . . . .	722
THE PLETHORA OF POETS. By SIDNEY LOW . . . . .	745
THE CENSUS IN OUR VILLAGE. By MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON	760
GERMAN DRAMA OF TO-DAY. By Miss ELIZABETH LEE . . . . .	767
STANS PUER AD MENSAM. By Professor WALTER RALEIGH	782
A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK. XVII. ( <i>Conclusion.</i> ) . . . . .	784
IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR . . . . .	792
GEORGIUS REX. By HENRY MARTLEY . . . . .	805
ALARIC WATTS AND WORDSWORTH. By Rev. Professor BEECHING . . . . .	822
THE FOUR FEATHERS. Chapters XVI.-XVIII. By A. E. W. MASON . . . . .	833

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by the necessary stamps for postage; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application, nor can they be forwarded through the post when only initials are given.

Every Contribution should be type-written on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.

### LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

PARIS: GALIGNANI & CO. LEIPZIG: A. TWIETMEYER.

NEW YORK: INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY. MELBOURNE: MELVILLE, MULLEN, & SLADE.

SYDNEY and BRISBANE: EDWARDS, DUNLOP, & CO., Limited.

ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY. TASMANIA: WALCH & SONS.

TORONTO: TORONTO NEWS COMPANY. MONTREAL: MONTREAL NEWS COMPANY.

# THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

*'Behold we know not anything: I can but trust that good shall fall at last—far off—at last, to All'*  
TENNYSON.

*'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'*—RUSKIN.

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?



## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

*is Health-giving, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and  
 Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective  
 Remedy for*

All Functional Derangements of the Liver,  
 Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages,  
 Errors in Diet, Biliousness,  
 Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn,  
 Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation,  
 Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils,  
 Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse,  
 Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

**CAUTION.**—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

# KROPP

ALWAYS  
READY FOR  
USE

WARRANTED PERFECT

REAL HAMBURG GROUND

# RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES  
GRINDING

Black Handle .. .. .	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop .. .. .	7/6
Ivory Handle .. .. .	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste .. .. .	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia		Kropp Badger Hair Shaving	
Leather Case .. .. .	21/-	Brush .. .. .	5/6, 7/6 & 10/6

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & Co., LONDON, W.

DELICIOUS

# RED WHITE & BLUE

COFFEE.

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

# BUCHANAN

## BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY





# The crowning features

of a 'featherweight' cycle are its light  
and resilient tyres.

## DUNLOP TYRES

are *facile princeps* for ease and speed.

**FAST, DURABLE, RESILIENT.**

**55s. per pair.** Wired or beaded edges optional.

The only tyres offering this choice of attachment.

Guaranteed for thirteen months.

Ask to see the trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tube as well as cover.

**DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd.,**

Para Mills, Aston Green, Birmingham.



Trade Mark.

## HIGHEST QUALITY TURKISH TOWELS

AND SIMILAR GOODS.

**SOFT and ABSORBENT.**

The 'Osman' Turkish Towels.

The 'Osman' Turkish Bath Sheet.

The 'Osman' Turkish Bath Mat.

The 'Osman' Turkish Bath Gown.

## PATENT SATIN QUILTS

In every variety  
of

**DESIGN,  
COLOUR  
and PRICE.**

The goods enumerated here are an absolute necessity in every household. They are a luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices within reach of everyone.

**MANUFACTURED BY**

**BARLOW & JONES, Limited, MANCHESTER,**

And sold by all the Principal Drapers and Upholsterers in the World.

# "APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

## A SPECIFIC

FOR THE CERTAIN RELIEF OF

HABITUAL and OBSTINATE  
CONSTIPATION and in DISORDERS  
of the LIVER & BILIOUS ATTACKS.

ORDINARY DOSE: A Wineglassful before Breakfast.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS CO., LTD., LONDON, W.



## 'GLOBE' POLISHES

Command the Largest Sale in  
the World.

They contain nothing injurious to the skin, nor will they scratch or otherwise injure the finest metal work or any article to which they are applied.

They are sold everywhere; but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, please write to Ralmer & Co., Ltd., Tredge Works, Bow, London, E., or Stockton-on-Tees.

Spottiswoode & Co. Ltd., Printers, New-street Square, London.



99

RS

CS.

ast.

W.

ES

is, nor  
metal

difficulty  
write to  
don, N.